The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are glad to inform our readers that "The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature" has met with a very gratifying and encouraging reception. Letters of appreciation continue to reach the publishers from all parts of the country.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has returned to his most congenial field. He has written a new historical romance in the manner of the "White Company" under the title "Sir Nigel." The story will appear serially in the *Strand Magazine*, and will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has gone for a lecturing tour in America. He will recite passages from his own books. The tour will extend for six months, and Mr. Jerome will probably visit most of the great cities. He travels under the auspices of the Pond Company.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter is to edit a new edition of Hogg's Life of Shelley, one of the best biographies in the English language. He will add the necessary notes.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story, now completed, has for its heroine the daughter of a retired bookworm. It will probably be entitled "The Scholar's Daughter," and will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. John Lane has added to his "Crown Library" Miss Constance Hill's excellent book "Juniper Hall," which deals, as will be remembered, with the life of Fanny Burney and her friends.

Messrs. Methuen will publish immediately the series of writings "If Youth but Knew," which have attracted so much attention in the *Westminster Gazette.*

Mr. Swinburne's great work on the Elizabethan Dramatists approaches completion, and will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is the result of a lifetime's study, and will no doubt rank as a permanent contribution to criticism.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a book that promises to be one of the most interesting of the many connected with the War in the Far East. It is Mrs. Richardson's "In Japanese Hospitals during War Time." Mrs. Richardson, who received a medal for services during the war in South Africa, was invited by Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, to attach herself to the Red Cross Society of Japan, and went out to Tokyo in the spring of 1904. Every opportunity was given her for investigating the working of the military hospitals in Japan between that date and the conclusion of the war; and, indeed, it is at the suggestion of the officials of the Red Cross

Mrs. Baillie Saunders.
Author of "Saints in Society."
Photo Frank J. Hill.

Society, and other leading men and women in Japan, that she has undertaken this account of experiences which were shared by no other European lady.

In addition to giving her services in the hospitals in Tokyo, she visited other military hospitals throughout Japan, as well as the hospital for the Russian prisoners there. She was also for several months in the hospitals at Hiroshima, and later, when she went to Port Arthur, she saw something of the working of the hospital ships. Mrs. Richardson's book will thus be a revelation from within of the conditions in Japan itself during the war; the courage and determination of the Japanese soldiers and the calm and restraint of the populace, as she describes them, were remarkable. In addition, there are in it descriptions of the many curious and interesting places and persons whom she met in the East. The book is fully illustrated, and is dedicated by kind permission to Marchioness Oyama, Vice-President of the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, and the gifted wife of Japan's greatest General.

Dr. William Grenfell, author of "The Harvest of the Sea," and hero of "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," has entertained a number of well-known Americans this summer at his Labrador home. Among his visitors were Elihu Root and Colonel Sanger. For several weeks he entertained the Governor of Newfoundland and his party, who visited Labrador in order to come to some understanding about the boundary between Canadian and Newfoundland jurisdiction over the coast.

It is reported from New York that while there is no unanimous public rage after a particular book or kind of books, and no concentration of trade energies in any particular line, the volume and steadiness of trade are well maintained. Things are rapidly improving to the point when the city will have no dull season. One of the best booksellers in New York says, "New York is rapidly getting in that regard to be like Paris. In Paris we have no dull season. When the Parisians go out of town the Americans come in. In New York when the New Yorkers go away all the other Americans come in. Nobody stays long perhaps, but the stream flows steadily. Time was, and not very long ago, when here in our bookshop, for instance, we had little to do in August and September, but now there is less and less slackening of trade. During these months the visitors in the city furnish the city with dependable custom." This is more or less the experience of publishers and booksellers in London. Every year the tendency is to issue books earlier. One firm we know of had all its autumn books practically ready by the end of July.

It is to be hoped that the beautiful uniform edition of Anthony Trollope's novels, issued by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. of New York, will appear in this country. Trollope had among his warmest admirers Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray, who declared he always went to sleep with a novel after dinner, finished the first volume of "The Three Clerks" at a sitting, and then bounded into the drawing-room and astonished his family by demanding the second.

Mr. Arthur Rackham, whose illustrations to "Rip Van Winkle" were so greatly admired, is illustrating Mr. Barrie's book, "The Little White Bird." The illustrated edition will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

The announcement that Mr. Wilfrid Ward is to edit the *Dublin Review* will be received with much pleasure. The contributions of his distinguished father, W. G. Ward, were amongst the most remarkable philosophical articles ever published in a periodical. The *Dublin Review* has always given attention to Liberalism and science, and has reckoned among its most brilliant contributors Dr. William Barry and Miss A. M. Clerke.

The complete writings of Alfred de Musset are to be translated into English, and will be published in ten good-sized volumes by the Edwin C. Hill Company of New York. The edition will be of one thousand copies, and is to be illustrated and handsomely produced. Most of De Musset's work was done between the age of twenty-three and twenty-six. It will be remembered that Henry James has compared De Musset to Shakespeare in a reference to the pure gaiety and the native joyousness of his lighter vein.

We understand that Mr. Edward Noble has just finished another novel, which will deal with ships and shipping—this time in the Thames and the North Sea.

Mr. A. E. Crawley, the author of the fascinating study of the evolution of marriage, entitled "The Mystic Rose," has completed a companion study on religion. The volume, which is called "The Tree of Life," will be issued shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

It is now definitely decided that the late Edith Allonby's book, "The Fulfilment," will be published on December 1st, her birthday, and the day she herself desired it to appear. As the author in her last letters to her relatives and her publisher earnestly desired that "The Fulfilment" should be published, the executors have decided that the book shall be given to the world with only such emendations as are absolutely necessary. We understand that Miss Allonby left several other MSS., including novels and essays.

The Rev. W. S. Crockett, author of "The Scott Country," etc., is to write the volume on "The Tweed" for Messrs. Black's new series on "The Fascination of Scotland," after the style of the London "Fascination" series. Mr. Crockett's "Scott Country" has just reached its third edition.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. have made arrangements with Sir Harry Johnston for him to contribute the portion dealing with Africa to their new work on the "Living Races of Mankind." This section of the publication will appear very shortly, and will contain photographs of many African types hitherto little known, including some characteristic pictures of the pigmy races.

"Living Races of Mankind" has been spoken of in some quarters as a reprint. As a matter of fact, it has been entirely re-written on a new plan. This important enterprise, we understand, has been very successful; each of the parts which have already appeared has been reprinted many times.

A new volume of critical essays by Professor Churton Collins will be published shortly by Messrs. Bell and Sons.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's recent novel, "Starvecrow Farm," is proving a remarkable success. It promises to achieve a popularity equal to that of any of his earlier French romances.

The striking stories by Mr. Perceval Gibbon, which have attracted much attention on their serial appearance in *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be published in book form immediately, under the title "The Vrouw Grobelaar's Leading Cases."

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' original and striking love story, "The Man Who Won," has already entered a fourth edition.

We understand that Mr. H. Rider Haggard has all but completed a novel which will be published early next year. The success of "Ayesha" is a signal proof of the perennial fascination of "She"—eighteen years having elapsed between the latter and its sequel.

"Prayers, Ancient and Modern" is the name of a new work by Professor Knight, late of St. Andrews University, which Messrs. Dent will publish immediately.

Messrs. Constable will publish immediately the first volumes of their interesting series of shilling monographs on Religions—Ancient and Modern. Miss Jane Harrison writes on the Religion of Ancient Greece, Professor H. A. Giles on that of Ancient China, and Mr. Edward Clodd on Animism and Ancestor Worship.

Mr. Andrew Lang's versatility shows no sign of waning. Besides his usual Christmas book for children, Mr. Lang will publish this year a volume entitled "The Secret of the Totem," and another called "New Collected Rhymes."

Messrs. Methuen will issue shortly a new Historical Atlas of the British Empire. It has been prepared by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew and Mr. C. Grant Robertson, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

Mr. Edward Hutton, the author of "Italy and the Italians," has prepared a new volume on "The Cities of Umbria," which Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly.

A new novel entitled "The Thread of Gold," by the anonymous author of the remarkable book "The House of Quiet," will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray.

Photo Sutcliffe, Whitby. **Mr. Louis Tracy.**
Author of "The Pillar of Light."

From a Photo by John Morton, Bedford Park.

A New Portrait of Mr. John Oxenham.

An interesting venture in reprints is the republication of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," in sixteen volumes at twelve guineas net. The work is to be issued shortly by Mr. J. Eveleigh Nash.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Soprano," will be published this month. Mr. Crawford has also finished two historical works, which will be published this year. These are "Gleanings from Venetian History," which is to be illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and "Sicily and Southern Italy"—the latter a reprint of "Rulers of the South."

A foreign people has rarely been described with such knowledge and enthusiasm as was displayed in Mr. H. Fielding's "Soul of a People," a fascinating picture of life in Burma. The author, whose full name is Mr. H. Fielding Hall, has ready a new volume on the same subject, entitled "A People at School."

The Malay Peninsula has been productive of an unusual literary output. In fiction it has supplied material to Mr. Hugh Clifford and Mr. Edward Irving; in science to Dr. N. Annandale; in anthropology to Mr. W. W. Skeat. Mr. Skeat, who is the son of the famous philologist, has nearly completed an important contribution to anthropology, which will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title "Tribes of the Malay Peninsula."

Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel, "The Cherry Ribband," is proving as popular in America as in this country. Already three editions have been called for. Mr. Crockett has dedicated the American edition to readers of "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of portraits of the late Dr. George MacDonald we have to acknowledge with thanks our obligation to Dr. Greville MacDonald, who placed several interesting photographs at our disposal.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH.

Much activity has prevailed throughout the past month, but it is impossible to ignore that throughout the trade considerable perturbation has been manifested in connection with the present venture of the *Times*. As far as the system is as yet understood, the trade evidently views it with disfavour, but time alone can reveal whether the fears expressed are well founded. A considerably extended demand has prevailed, and many of the works produced having been of widely-spread interest, good sales have resulted.

The output of 6s. fiction has been especially large, a goodly percentage being by authors of already established repute. The following may be mentioned as among the most recent issues which have been more particularly prominent:—"A Servant of the Public," "Starvecrow Farm," "The King's Achievement," "The Hundred Days," "White Fire," "Ayesha," "Lone Marie," "By the Gods Beloved," "A Waif's Progress," and "The Black Spaniel." The sales have in no sense been confined to the above, and space alone forbids the mention of many other volumes, some of which have been mentioned in previous reports, that have also been eminently successful.

At 5s., "Rose o' the River," and at 3s. 6d., "Chariots of the Lord," "A London Girl," "With the Eyes of a Man," "Love the Master Key," have all sold freely.

A noticeable feature of the present season is the numerous output of biographical works, the various personages dealt with being of such prominence as to ensure a material hold upon public interest. Foremost among them the following have found place:—"Earl Granville's Memoirs," "Charles Lamb" (by Lucas), "Dickens" (by Fitzgerald), "My Life" (by A. R. Wallace), "Burne-Jones' Memoirs," "Queens of the French Stage," "The Final Recollections of Sir H. Humbold," the cheaper editions of the recollections of Earl Roberts and Baron Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, and last in time of appearance but by no means in attractiveness, "The Life of Dan Leno." A renewed demand has been experienced for the "Life of W. E. Gladstone," by John Morley.

The late Lady Dilke's "Book of the Spiritual Life" has attracted many purchasers.

Lord Brooke's "Eye-Witness in Manchuria," and H. C. S. Wright's "With Togo" have continued to be in constant request. Geography and Travel also claim a number of prominent issues, and several of the items, such as "Flood, Fell and Forest," Singh's "My Travels in China, Japan and Java," merit notice; whilst towards the close of the month under review the appearance of "The Voyage of the Discovery," by Captain R. F. Scott, was very successful.

The various volumes of Harmsworth's Library have maintained their attractiveness, and the sales of many of the other popular pocket editions have formed a considerable portion of the trade transacted.

This year's Children's Illustrateds are enticingly pro-

duced, and some are already securing a meed of public favour, but the chief period for these productions is in closer proximity to Christmas. Many of the popular yearly volumes of the various magazines more especially for juveniles are selling freely, but it is evident that the keen competition is materially affecting the circulation of some of the older favourites.

The death of George MacDonald gave a slight impetus to the demand for several of his most popular works.

Mr. F. T. Bullen's "Back to Sunny Seas"; "A Wanderer in Holland," by E. V. Lucas; Hutton's "Cities of Umbria;" the new edition of "The Last Things," by Prof. Beet; "Personal Studies," by Canon Scott Holland; and "The Red Romance Book," by Quiller Couch, have all been moving briskly.

The Nelson celebration has called forth a demand for popular works in connection with the hero's career, and the most successful lines have been "Nelson: A Memorial," and "Nelson and the Twentieth Century."

In Sport, three volumes by the same author, G. W. Beldam, have each alike secured a large amount of favour—"Great Batsmen," "Great Golfers," and "Golf Faults Illustrated."

The familiar Henty volume is missing this season; but the tales of Fenn, Brereton, and Strang are already forging ahead.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Starvecrow Farm. By S. J. Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
Black Spaniel. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
He Loved but One. By F. F. Moore. (Nash.)
By the Gods Beloved. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Ayesha. By H. Rider Haggard. (Ward, Lock.)
The Czar's Spy. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lone Marie. By W. E. Norris. (Macmillan.)
A Lost Cause. By Guy Thorne. (Long.)
Knock at a Venture. By E. Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
The Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
White Fire. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Man. By Bram Stoker. (Heinemann.)
A Waif's Progress. By Rhoda Broughton. (Macmillan.)
The King's Achievement. By R. H. Benson. (I. Pitman.)
An Improbable Idyll. By D. Gerard. (Methuen.)
A Maker of History. By E. P. Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)
The Image in the Sands. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)

Rose o' the River. By K. D. Wiggin. 5s. (Constable.)
A London Girl. Anon. 3s. 6d. (A. Rivers.)
Chariots of the Lord. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
With the Eyes of a Man. By H. Bland. 3s. 6d. (T. W. Laurie.)
Love the Master Key. By A. S. Swan. 3s 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Earl Granville's Memoirs. By Lord E. Fitzmaurice. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Longmans.)
Charles Lamb. By E. V. Lucas. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Methuen.)
Dickens as Revealed in his Writings. By P. Fitzgerald. 2 vols 21s. net.
Earl Roberts' Forty-one Years in India. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Hawkins' (Sir H.) Reminiscences. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Wallace (A. R.), My Life. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Humbold (Sir H.), Final Recollections. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Flood, Fell and Forest. By Sir H. Pottinger. 2 vols. 25s. net. (E. Arnold.)
The Voyage of the Discovery. By R. F. Scott. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
Back to Sunny Seas. By F. T. Bullen. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Dan Leno. By J. H. Wood. 6s. (Methuen.)
Book of the Spiritual Life. By the late Lady Dilke. 10s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
Great Golfers. By G. W. Beldam. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Golf Faults Illustrated. By G. W. Beldam. 3s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)
Criticism of the Fourth Gospel. By W. Sanday. 7s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)
Red Romance Book. By A. T. Quiller Couch. 6s. (Longmans.)
A Wanderer in Holland. By E. V. Lucas. 6s.
The Last Things. By J. A. Beet. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Nelson, a Memorial. By S. B. Gould. 2s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
Nelson and the Twentieth Century. By A. White and E. H. Moorhouse. 5s. net. (Cassell.)
Harmsworth Library. 1s. net. each vol.
Pocket Editions of Standard Authors.
Yearly Volumes of Juvenile Magazines.

WEEKLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
September 23—Business steadily progressing.
" 30—A good week. Export very brisk.
October 7—Much activity in all departments.
" 14—Briskness maintained.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH.

From all the leading publishing firms were received contributions to the volume of the season's trade which had now begun with every prospect of good business being effected.

The output of fiction was specially good, and with few exceptions all the leading writers in this department were well represented either in books published or in announcements. Of 6s. novels the most prominent were "The Red Reaper," by J. A. Steuart; "A Servant of the Public," by Anthony Hope; "Starvecrow Farm," by Stanley Weyman; "The Patient Man," by Percy White; "The Hundred Days," by Max Pemberton; "Ayesha," by Rider Haggard; and "The Household of Peter," by Rosa N. Carey.

The close of the tourist season caused a marked

(*Continued on page 58.*)

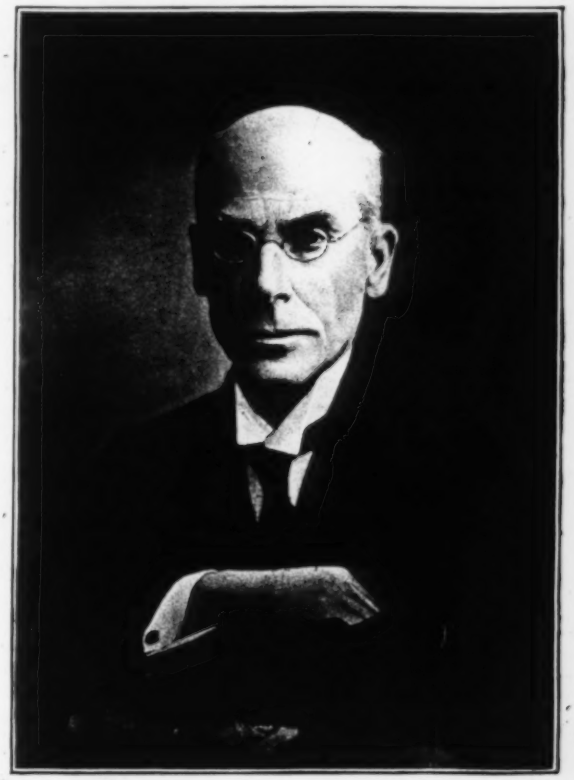


Photo London Stereoscopic Co. **Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice.**
Author of "Memoirs of Earl Granville."

From a Drawing by Stuart Boyd. **W. J. Locke.**

WILLIAM JOHN LOCKE.

WILLIAM JOHN LOCKE, Optimist, was born in 1863. His early associations were with the West Indies, the lands of the sugar-cane, and it is perhaps to this youthful environment that may be attributed the fact that he still preserves a sweetened outlook on life.

He went to school in Trinidad, where is situated the famous Pitch Lake. His work, however, unlike that of certain other distinguished novelists, does not suggest that the contents of the lake have been of any practical use to him.

Having completed his school education, he came to England and to Cambridge, where he entered himself at St. John's College. Here he read for the mathematical tripos, afterwards graduating with distinction. His exact place in the lists cannot here be stated, but presumably he was declared Senior Optim-ist.

Although he had developed a literary bent, his first book, "At the Gates of Samaria," did not appear until he was in his thirty-second year. Since then he has written a number of novels, and without attaining any sensational success has contrived to win a distinguished place amongst present-day writers of fiction. His work is consistently good. His last novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," is a real achievement in characterisation; and in "Where Love Is," the novel of his which appeared last year, he revealed a power and a feeling such as are possessed by few of his contemporaries. However, he will go much further. He has humour and pathos and insight and a certain whimsicality. He has style too. His best is yet to be.

The keynote of his work is optimism, which perhaps is strange, seeing that he has mixed much with designing persons. He is secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The secretaryship he has continued to hold in spite of his success as a novelist. And this is scarcely odd, seeing that architects may bring him into relationship with builders, who have much in common with writers of fiction, both having to build on plots.

He lives in London.

FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.

THE little Moore, and how much it is—he writes. Three books per annum is his average. In 1895 his score was five novels. It is untrue, however, that the legend "Fiction while you wait" hangs over his study door.

An Irishman, he was born in '55 at Limerick. Soon afterwards his family migrated to Belfast, and here the boy was educated. While yet in his teens he visited South Africa and India. In India he saw something of the production of cereals, an experience which was afterwards to prove useful, the production of serials being now, of course, an important part of his work.

Later he gave up voyaging and returned to Ireland. Since then, however, he has never been happier than when at sea. Indeed, some of his critics suggest that he is entirely at sea in the historical portion of his new novel on Byron.

Soon after his return to Belfast he was attacked with the literary fever, and, so far from recovering, he gradually grew verse—which he published in 1874. Drifting into journalism, Moore fought his way up the ladder until he had raised himself to the giddy pinnacle of leader-writer.

While still a journalist he wrote not only many stories for boys, but a number of novels. The great success which attended his "A Grey Eye or So" then resolved him to quit the press. In the face, therefore, of many warnings from friends, he came to London and settled down in Kew Gardens, afterwards removing to Kensington, where he still lives and works.

He has produced many fine spirited novels. Lightness, dash, wit, inform his pages, and always he writes gracefully and with a true sense of the romantic. It is matter of wonder that when he writes so much he writes so well. His best-known books include "I Forbid the Banns" and "The Jessamy Bride." The latter, which has Goldsmith for hero, is his precedent for producing such a book as that which has given so much offence to admirers of Byron.

Being a Moore, he likes to see his books bound in Morocco.

He has devoted himself to old furniture, and here it should be observed that Frankfort Moore, novelist and lover of antiques, is not to be confused—as he nevertheless often is — with George Moore, novelist and lover of antics.

He is a member of the Automobile Club, and, it is rumoured, is in hopes in a few years to have covered as many miles as he has written novels.

From a Drawing by Stuart Boyd.

F. Frankfort Moore.

(*Continued from page* 55.)

decline in the sales of the sixpenny editions of popular novels and also in monthly magazines, but it was pleasing to experience an increasing demand for the volumes in "The Harmsworth Library," "Nelson's Sixpenny Classics," and "The Cameo Classics" as evidence of a growing appreciation of works by writers of repute.

Much attention was given to the handsome books for Christmas gifts issued by Messrs. Nelson and Messrs. Blackie; and, as usual, a prominent feature in orders executed was the sale of annual volumes of the *Chatterbox* nature. The volumes in Messrs. Jack's "Told to the Children" Series continued to be favourites with young people, and the illustrated edition by A. S. Boyd of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" had many admirers.

The demand for Vardon's "Complete Golfer" was steadily maintained, and the re-issue in book form of articles which appeared in *C. B. Fry's Magazine* under the title of "Golf Faults Illustrated" found interested purchasers.

Several books at 3s. 6d. had a ready sale, notably "Captains All," by W. W. Jacobs; "Chariots of the Lord," by J. Hocking; and "Love the Master Key," by Annie S. Swan.

It was expected that in Scotland the issue of Morley's "Gladstone" in parts would meet with favour with the great statesman's numerous admirers, and such was realised in the sale at least of the first part. Another successful serial publication was "The Living Races of Mankind," issued by Messrs. Hutchinson.

A striking little book by Coulson Kernahan, entitled "The World Without a Child," sold in hundreds; and various religious works by writers such as Dr. J. R. Miller attained ready acknowledgment.

The following is our list of best selling books of the month:—

Miscellaneous.

The World Without a Child. By C. Kernahan. 1s. (Hodder.)
Golf Faults Illustrated. By Beldam and Taylor. 3s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)
The Harmsworth Shilling Library.
The Cotter's Saturday Night. By Robert Burns. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Chatto.)
Told to the Children Series. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
The Complete Golfer. By H. Vardon. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Chariots of the Lord. By Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Morley's Life of Gladstone. Part I. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Gowans' Art and Nature Books. 6d. (Gowans and Gray.)

Six Shilling Novels.

A Servant of the Public. By Anthony Hope (Methuen.)
Starvecrow Farm. By Stanley Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
The Red Reaper. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder.)
Ayesha. By Rider Haggard. (Ward and Lock.)
The Reckoning. By R. W. Chambers. (Constable.)
The Patient Man. By Percy White. (Methuen.)
He Loved but One. By F. F. Moore. (Nash.)
The Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
The Household of Peter. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
The Last Chance. By R. Boldrewood. (Macmillan.)
White Fire. By John Oxenham. (Hodder.)
The Waters of Destruction. By A. Perrin. (Chatto.)
The Brown Eyes of Mary. By E. M. Albanesi. (Methuen.)
A Nine Days' Wonder. By B. M. Croker. (Methuen.)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

The Booksellers' Diary.

NOVEMBER 6–DECEMBER 6.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

November 5th.

AFLALO, F. G., F.Z.S.—The Salt of My Life, 7s. 6d. net (Pitman)

November 6th.

BURKE, J. BUTLER.—The Origin of Life, 16s. net. (Chapman and Hall)
GAPON, FATHER.—The Story of My Life, 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall)
ANON.—The Perplexed Parson, 2s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall)

November 8th.

"ALIEN."—An Unanswered Question, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)
MANN, MARY E.—The Fields of Dulditch, 6d. (Digby, Long)
WYNNE, MAY.—A King's Tragedy, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
TYTLER, SARAH.—A Stepmother in Ambush, 6s. (Digby, Long)
MAXWELL, H.—The Secretary of State, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)
SMITH, ELLEN C.—The Pride of Tristan Herrick, 6s. (Digby, Long)

November 10th.

PAUL, HERBERT.—The Life of Froude, 16s. net. ... (Pitman)
JOHNSON, JOSEPH.—George MacDonald. A Biographical and Critical Appreciation, 6s. ..... (Pitman)
LANG, RT. REV. COSMO GORDON, Bishop of Stepney.—The Parables of Jesus, 6s. .....(Pitman)
EMANUEL, CHARLES, and E. M. JOSEPH—How to Choose a House: How to Take and Keep It, 3s. 6d. net. (Pitman)
BARLOW, C. A. M., M.A., LL.D.—The Law of Mechanical Traction on Highways, 8s. 6d. net ..... (Pitman)
SLATER, J. A., B.A., LL.D.—Mercantile Law, 7s. 6d. (Pitman)
WAGNER, CHARLES.—The Better Way, 1s. net. ... (Pitman)

November 15th.

MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS; OLIVER HERFORD; ADDISON MIZNER.—The Complete Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1906, 3s. 6d. net .....(Dean)

During the Month. Dates Uncertain.

CHOLMONDELEY, MARY.—Red Pottage. New edition. 2s. 6d. ..... (E. Arnold)
GARDNER, ALICE.—Theodore of Studium, 10s. 6d. net. (E. Arnold)
MAY, FLORENCE.—Life of Johannes Brahms. 2 vols. 21s. net. ..... (E. Arnold)
MALCHAM, MARY EYRE.—A Forgotten John Russell, 12s. 6d. net. ..... (E. Arnold)
GOSCHEN, LORD.—Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions, 15s. net. ..... (E. Arnold)
ARMITAGE, LIEUT. A. B., R.N.R.—Two Years in theAntarctic, 15s. net..... (E. Arnold)
WILSON, R., B.A.—Lingua Materna, 3s. 6d. ..... (E. Arnold)
GIBBS, PHILIP.—The Romance of Empire, 3s. 6d. (E. Arnold)
HUTCHISON, ROBERT, M.D., F.R.C.P.—Food and the Principles of Dietetics. New edition. 16s. net. (E. Arnold)
HOBHOUSE, L. T., and J. L. HAMMOND.—Lord Hobhouse: A Memoir, 14s. net. ..... (E. Arnold)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE READER.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

By James Moffatt.

TWICE I had the opportunity of seeing Dr. MacDonald: once, when he was preaching with seer-like simplicity on a summer afternoon in the chapel of St. Andrews University, and once when he took the part of Greatheart, if I remember rightly, in a dramatic representation of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which he and some members of his family used to give many years ago. As an author, he is usually playing one or other of these rôles. "Something of the Shorter Catechist" was Mr. Henley's phrase for Stevenson. George MacDonald did not hold by the Shorter Catechism, but something of the preacher or the evangelist clung to him from the first. It was responsible for a tendency to the "pathetic fallacy" in his treatment of Nature. It accounted for the "improving" character of his inferior stories. Yet. by a happy recompense, it lent seriousness and sincerity to all his finer work. No writer is less of the literary virtuoso. One of his earliest volumes of verse, "A Hidden Life and Other Poems," published in 1864, has prefixed to it the two stanzas from the first canto of the Inferno, where Dante describes how he looked up from the valley to see the hill whose shoulders were already clothed with light celestial. This holy mountain, or sunlit hill, was ever before George MacDonald. Throughout his verse and prose, even his prose fiction at its best, the writer is either looking upward himself or endeavouring to win others to mount the climbing path of Philosophy which meant to him a kind of natural Christianity. He preferred to define this delectable height as one of his own guides, Novalis, put it: "Die Philosophie ist eigentlich Heimweh, ein Trieb überall zu Hause sein" (Philosophy is really homesickness, an impulse to be at home everywhere). To George MacDonald this power of finding one's true place, or of being at home with God, was given in the knowledge of God's Fatherly love, which constituted the crown and substance of religion.

George MacDonald about 1870.
Photo Johnston Shearer.

An early critic has noted the recurrence of "floating" in his pages. It is the writer's expression for a Wordsworthian passivity and receptivity of soul, his phrase for a gentle, mystical belief in the universe as a constant action of God upon the human spirit. One of his heroes, in conversation upon the joys of deep-sea fishing by night, "dwelt especially on the feeling almost of disembodiment, and existence as pure thought, arising from the all-pervading clarity and fluidity, the suspension, and the unceasing motion." This sensation of yielding to a spiritual tide in the universe is one of George MacDonald's cardinal emotions. But it is merely the reverse side of an active sense of responsibility. His sense of a vocation is really expressed in terms of the hills. He is generally on the mountain path. The relationship of master and pupil, the magnetism of aspiration, and the influence of strong natures over weaker, or of sane characters over morbid girls and boys, are favourite themes of his prose. Like his beloved Wordsworth, he is always going up into the hills, and expecting to be followed, from the sleeping streets and dark valleys of conventional existence. Nor is the quest in vain, as he was never tired of expounding to disappointed or sceptical natures. Rays fall on the hill.

"Chasm 'neath chasm! rock piled on rock;
Roots, and crumbling earth, and stones!
Hark, the torrent's thundering shock!
Hark, the swaying pine tree's groans!
Ah! I faint, I fall, I die!
Sink to nothingness away!—
Lo, a streak upon the sky!
Lo, the opening eye of day!

Onward, onward through the night!
Matters it I cannot see?
I am moving in a might,
Dwelling in the dark and me.
Up or down, or here or there,
I can never be alone;
My own being tells me where
God is as the Father known."

The same note recurs in his lines upon The Hills, where he describes and spiritualises his childish feeling of delight in mountains. The metaphor or symbol is by no means accidental; it is organic to his thought, and his simple, confident philosophy of life cannot be summed up more fitly than in his own four lines:—

"On the sea the sunshine broods,
And the shining tops of woods;
We will leave these oracles,
Finding others 'mid the hills."

This mounting trait or tendency dominates his verse especially, even in those passages where he shows traces of the very fault which he detected in the lines of T. T. Lynch, an excess of fancy over imagination. To some readers, as to the late Principal Geddes, Dr. MacDonald's poetry will always

George MacDonald's Father.
From a Miniature.

Photo Elliott & Fry. **George MacDonald.**

appeal at least as forcibly as his novels, but mainly as devotional reading. Others will be content to pronounce his mind primarily poetic, and among these was his shrewd, sympathetic critic who wrote under the pseudonym of "Henry Holbeach." W. B. Rands, with all his keenness and eagerness of spirit, was curiously alike at many points to George MacDonald. Both had to outgrow the narrow religious life of a Puritan community, though Graveley was probably uglier than anything the Scottish author had to experience, and though the latter remained Christian in a far more devout and distinctive sense than the Englishman's semi-political instincts allowed. Both combined a zeal for propaganda with a zest for parabolic compositions and for children's verse, though the one wrote for, the other about, children. Both had the fantastic touch, and each was a true student of English literature. But George MacDonald's permanent verse will probably be for the most part what he wrote out of that vein of devotional simplicity, reflective rather than passionate, which recalls the delicate, rare gifts of Crashaw, Donne, and Vaughan. There is more serenity than blood in it, however. A ripe calm marks nearly all his choicer verse and those passages of prose where his poetic feeling shimmers through. His mind was intense rather than comprehensive; but it was fundamentally an intensity of vision, not of passion, and as the years went on a certain diffuseness spread over his writing, till his pages came more and more to breathe the fragrance of a noble, sensitive, unworldly spirit, rather than the impact of a keen intellect or the masculine ardour of an artist. The music is stronger than the momentum, the brooding faculty outdoes the thirst for truth, and vitality is subordinate to elevation.

One reason for this lay in the comparatively restricted scope of his interests, which were never cosmopolitan. In dedicating "Castle Warlock," he praised Mrs. Russell Gurney thus:—

> "Thou art not of those
> Who in what vale a fountain springs
> Would have its journey close."

His own stream flowed or trickled through several valleys of verse and prose, yet it was never versatile, in the full sense of the term. For all the range of his composition, his compass was but slight. The early Scottish novels, with their love of music and the sea, their sympathy with lonely folk, and their warmth of faith, exhaust practically the entire message of his life, just as ethereal poems like "The Hidden Life," and "The Book of Sonnets Concerning Jesus," contain the germs of nearly all his subsequent achievements in English verse. The types of character, especially in the stories, are comparatively few, and the persons of his plots—which, by the way, were never a strong point of his—fall naturally into groups. The best one can say of many passages or situations is what Mary Bennet said of the idea of the olive-branch in Mr. Collins' epistle, "Perhaps it is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed." Even this somewhat chilly praise cannot always be accorded. For while Dr. MacDonald's sincerity of purpose and fine simplicity saved him from any preciosity of style and angularity of diction, he was content often to write in a leisurely undress, or artless manner, which was neither arresting nor distinctive. He wrote easily. Compression of thought was never a mark of his prose, while his Muse had no frugal note. Nearly all his books are too long, and once he left the North-East of Scotland, he seems to have had no rich local resources to fall back upon in the natural antagonism of the dramatic and the religious instincts.

Hence, it may be, the increasing prominence of the evangelist in the author. At the head of his works in prose fiction stand the four Scottish novels, "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes," "David Elginbrod," and "Sir Gibbie," whose praise is, or used to be, in all circles. Here George MacDonald is himself. He has stories to tell, and he tells them. The occasional glints of dry humour, the animation, the veracious delineation of the Scots peasantry, from cottars to students, from stonemasons to schoolmasters, the keen and subtle grasp of middle-class character, and the masterly use of dialect, prevent the writer's moral interests from transgressing artistic limits. It is a small thing to say that they are masterpieces of their class. No doubt, they mirror, as they helped to promote, the growth of Christianity beyond the strait orthodoxy of Scottish Calvinism in the last century. The author takes no pains to conceal his aim, yet there is self-detachment enough to preserve the story's life. He is a "novelist" in the original sense of the phrase, an innovator, a speaker of new things, a seeker for "oracles in the hills," conscious of himself and of his design even in his most objective novels. But, for one thing, the excellences of these stories in no way depend upon their original religious setting; and, for another thing, a good novel

may be the vehicle of some propaganda, as "Caleb Williams," or even "Rasselas," out of scores of instances, may serve to prove. It is not until we come to "Malcolm" and "The Marquis of Lossie," or to lesser books like "Castle Warlock" and "Donald Grant," that the stream of incident, especially in "Donald Grant," is hopelessly clogged with the water-lilies of comment and disquisition. The lilies are nearly always fair. But they are too profuse. The writer slips into moralising, on the least provocation, and when we pass on to the English series of stories, of which perhaps "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," and its sequel, "The Seaboard Parish," form the most characteristic and successful members, the dramatis personæ tend to become more than ever lay-figures, curates, surgeons, and the like, who preach incontinently. The latter story opens frankly with a chapter called "Homiletic." "Dear Friends," the novelist observes, "I am beginning a new book like an old sermon; but, as you know, I have been so accustomed to preach all my life, that whatever I say or write will more or less take the shape of a sermon." Even in his children's stories he is often sinking through the subject into a deeper topic. There, however, the didactic mannerism perhaps does not matter quite so much. But worthy youths like Malcolm and Cosmo almost answer to Fred Vincy's definition of a prig. They present all and sundry with their opinions, and this pedantry clings to them even in their love-making. Sometimes lapses of this kind are due to an excess of sentimentalism in the author; but more often they appear to be the result of a deficiency in humour. For George MacDonald's humour, which is never exuberant, is of sayings rather than of situations. It seldom acted as an artistic principle, otherwise he would have escaped many a breach of symmetry and several plunges into what the profane would bluntly term bathos. Form is sacrificed to matter, needlessly. A thought is over-developed, a dialogue is little more than an essay cut into blocks of conversation. Or, as at the close of "The Marquis of Lossie," the story parts company with real life altogether.

Allied to these defects are others of a minor nature. George MacDonald, for example, shared with Galt an inconvenient predilection for melodramatic features in a plot, and as unconvincing a treatment of the aristocracy. The former flaw is native to writers of sentiment. As for the latter, peers like Lord Meikleham and Lord Mergwain are no better than Lord Sandyfort in "Sir Andrew Wylie," and their conversation wafts an air of artificiality over the surrounding text. It is small wonder that, when the author attempts such social flights, many a reader is tempted to do as Stevenson did, in his haste and youth, when he came to the episode of Helen and her sons in "Rob Roy": "I read no more, or I did not grasp what I was reading." This is not often the case, however, with the incomparable quartette of the Scottish novels, and it is pre-eminently by the truth and charm of these Aberdeenshire transcripts that one would wish George MacDonald to be judged as a novelist, or even appreciated as a heartening religious force.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GEORGE MACDONALD.

By Mary Gray.

"Goodwill art thou, and goodness all thy arts—
Doves to their windows, and to thee fly hearts!"

TO trace the outward course of the life of George MacDonald—preacher, poet, and writer of story and romance—is the task of the present writer. In his books, and especially in the poems, his inner life has already been told, by himself—who alone had the right. Yet the mere telling of external circumstance may also throw some rays of light on the influences that developed his high qualities of mind and heart, his genius, and the saintliness of his character.

He was born in the town of Huntly, in West Aberdeenshire, near the end of 1824, the year that saw the death of Lord Byron—whose widow was yet to be the friend of the younger poet in his mid-career.

But before his own history is outlined, it may be well to say a foreword about his kindred, who were of the Glencoe MacDonalds. They were an attractive family, richly endowed in heart and mind, and sometimes exceedingly good to look at. About the second and third decades of last century they formed the leading business family in Huntly. The founder of their fortunes here was the poet's grandfather, Charles Edward MacDonald. The father of the present writer could remem-

George MacDonald about 1860.
From a Photograph by Lewis Carroll.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

ber him as an elderly gentleman, sitting in the elder's seat in the parish church, and wearing the tie-wig which at that time was getting rare, although round wigs were plentiful. He died in 1819. His second son, George, the father of the poet, was closely associated throughout life with the fourth son, James, in manufactures and in other business enterprises. At their farm of Upper Piriesmill there was erected, in 1826, the present commodious farmhouse, which was thenceforward to be the home of the two brothers, each of whom brought up a family there. When they went into the new villa, long designated Bleachfield Cottage, the elder of the two had already been married, since 1822, to Miss Helen MacKay, daughter of Lieut. MacKay, and granddaughter of Captain MacKay of Duardbeg. So that the poet's ancestry is Highland on both sides.

It was while he still resided in Huntly, during the earlier years of his married life, that George MacDonald, senr., had to suffer the amputation of a limb. In spite of the consequent lameness, he was a handsome and even a noble-looking man, erect in bearing, winning and attractive in manner. "He was one whom you felt you could trust," said one to the present writer. "Very pleasant to speak to—a jolly man," said another. He was so fond of fun that he made jokes even about the limb that had been buried in Drumblade, boasting that he could stand with a leg on each side of the Bogie river! His unconventionality went with him even to the prayer-meeting. His prayer on one occasion, as I was told, was full of the wonders of the microscope. Mrs. George MacDonald died in 1832. The motherless boys used to go in turns to the grandmother at Church Street, to read and pray with her on the Sunday afternoons. Doubtless it was on such occasions as these that her grandson, George, had learned to read the dear old lady's heart. His masterly portrait of her in "Robert Falconer" shows the tenderness behind the veil of austerity.* For the purposes of his art, however, he has made the grandmother of the story to speak a broader Scots than Mrs. Charles MacDonald would have approved of. Her own speech was much nearer to English.

The House in Huntly where George MacDonald was born.

One of the earliest memories of George MacDonald was of seeing the great, gloomy funeral cavalcade of the fourth Duke of Gordon, in the late summer of 1827, on its long, slow progress from London to Gordon Castle and Elgin Cathedral. Other early memories had to do with the seaside, where, in some town or village on the Moray Firth, the summer weeks were spent while in Strathbogie the corn was ripening.

While the old parochial schools of Scotland have been fully appreciated, the side schools, supported by Seceders and Congregationalists, have hardly had their due meed of praise. The one in Huntly had probably been started more by way of protest against a "drouthy" dominie in the local parish school than from sectarian motives. Anyway, the teacher whom those dissenting parents were employing in the earlier boyhood of George MacDonald was himself a probationer, or licentiate, of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Colin Stewart. As he is well known to have been the original of Murdoch Malison in "Alec Forbes," nothing more need here be said of the hot-tempered and heavy-handed Highlander. He was succeeded by a Mr. Lawson; "but he did not keep us in order," said one of his pupils to the present writer. After him, in 1837, came Mr. Alexander Miller, a native of Huntly, "and he was the best teacher that ever I saw," reported the same witness.

At fourteen, George MacDonald was a tall, slight, delicate-looking boy, gentle, amiable, and conscientious. His nobility of character was already very marked, and his superior mental endowment was also now becoming very evident. Mr. Miller was especially struck with the boy's power of expression, shown in the written exercises in English. Out of school, for all his gentleness, George MacDonald could give a blow "straight from the shoulder" when his wrath had been aroused. A chum of his, who had been the victim, told the present writer of receiving such a blow. But the old man could no longer remember the occasion—"some tem-

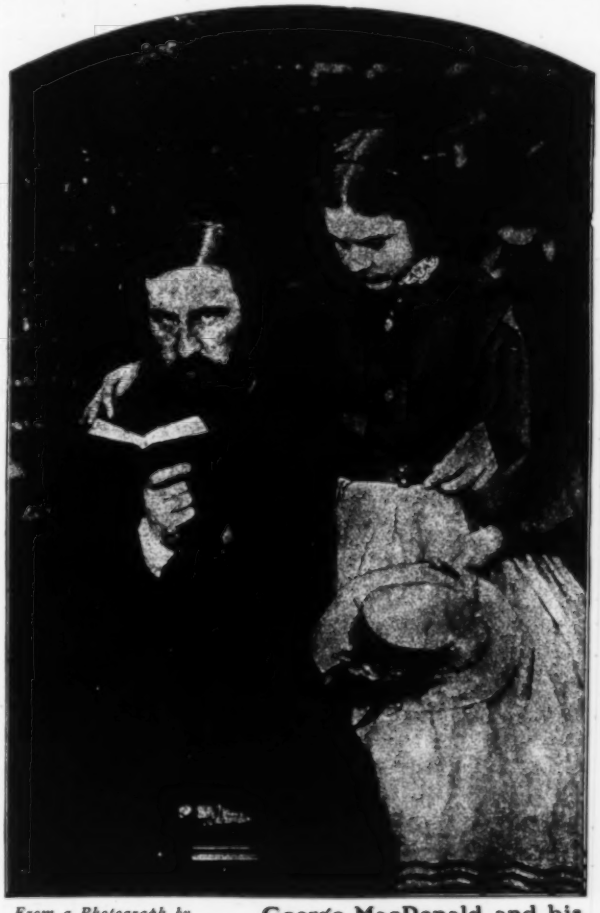
* She belonged to the Independents, or *Missionars*, as they were called. As a sect they were distinguished in their community for religious fervour and missionary zeal.

porary row," he said. It is probable that a word in disparagement of something or somebody dear to him had seemed to call for swift vengeance from the lad of Highland race. Anyway, the two boys continued to be good friends. In the autumn of 1840, George MacDonald went to King's College, Aberdeen, for the annual competition, and gained a bursary of £14. His old schoolfellow, Mr. Alexander Spence, whose brother was also a bursar, was present when the awards were made. He had walked from Huntly to Port Elphinstone, taking passage thence in the canal boat to Aberdeen. There George MacDonald was waiting for his friend, and took him to see the town, and especially the fine sight of Union Street lit up by gas!

After two months of the first year's course, the young student was passed on to the work of the second year, being thus *bajan* and *semi* in one session. He failed to come up for session 1842-3, probably on account of his always delicate health; but the following winter found him back at college, and at the end of that term he took prizes for chemistry and natural philosophy.

After graduating, in March, 1845, he was engaged for about three years as a private tutor, and for the most part of this time he was in London. He paid occasional visits to Huntly, where since 1839, the home had been brightened for the sons by the presence of a second mother. Their father had married Miss M'Coll, niece of Dr. M'Coll, R.N., Tullochbeg. This dear lady possessed the warm affection of her stepson, George, and in him the last of the band has passed away before her, although he was her junior by full twenty years.

A word about the brothers of the poet may here be in place. William died in boyhood. Alec was a very amiable youth, tall and stalwart, with curly dark hair. He contracted consumption in Manchester, and came home to die. One of the sonnets is inscribed to him. John, fair and delicate, was a lad of great mental power, and the poems in "Robert Falconer" are his. Yet we imagine that Dr. MacDonald was making an overgenerous brotherly estimate when he said to an old acquaintance in Huntly: "If John had lived, you wouldn't have heard about me*!" Charles, the eldest of the group, was wonderfully handsome as boy and youth. He reached old age, dying some three years ago in North London.



From a Photograph by Lewis Carroll.

George MacDonald and his Daughter Lily, about 1860.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

In September, 1848, George MacDonald entered the Highbury College, to prepare for his ministry in the Church in which he had been brought up. He found the ways of the place uncongenial. For most of the professors had no sympathy with the new spirit that was beginning to reanimate the study of theology. He did not finish the course.

One may hazard a guess that his chief pleasures at this period had to do with the lectures of Professor A. J. Scott, of University Hall, on the one hand; and, on the other, with visits at the house of Mr. James Powell, to whom "A Seaboard Parish" was to be dedicated in the future time, "by his grateful and loving son-in-law."

In 1850 Mr. George MacDonald became minister of a Congregational church at Arundel, in Sussex. But his flock there had not yet got the ears that could hear their poet-preacher; and in course of time they showed that they desired his resignation. But this period of seeming failure to get his message delivered to the world was rich in poetical utterance. And it brought, in 1851, the consummation of his happy friendship with Miss L. Powell. She now became his wife, and to her, four years later, the dramatic poem, "Within and Without," was inscribed, in the dedicatory sonnet beginning, "Receive thine own, for I and it are thine." The work was written in its first version in the mid-winter of 1850-51.

The poetical parable entitled "My Room" would appear to belong to about the beginning of 1853. It is written in good spirits, and tells of the enchantress who can conjure lovely visions out of the piano when night brings leisure. In it we get a glimpse also of the first little daughter, with

> "her lily-skin
> White as whitest ermelin
> Washed in palest, thinnest rose."

In the end of 1853, or beginning of 1854, the sunny shore of Sussex was exchanged for the gloomy streets of Manchester. But here the young poet had the great pleasure of enjoying the personal friendship of the man to whose memory he dedicated "Robert Falconer," viz., Alexander John Scott, who since 1851 had been

*The poet's memorial of his brother John is in the volume of poems entitled "A Threefold Cord," where, as he tells us, a friend's and a brother's verses blend with his own. The friend was Greville Matheson.

Principal of Owen's College.* As early as 1850 Mr. MacDonald had sent the poem entitled "Light" to Mr. Scott, along with a set of verses in which he tells how through all the confusion of other voices he has been hearing:

"Thy voice, Truth's herald, walking the untuned roar,
Calm and distinct, powerful and sweet and fine:
I loved and listened, listened and loved more."

A. J. Scott was too far in advance of the religious thought of the age to get much contemporary recognition. He was a man of wide learning, of penetrating intellect, and of great spirituality of mind. He was the younger man's ideal, and spiritual teacher, and friend. After George MacDonald had gone to Manchester, and while continuing to live there, he was minister of a church in Bolton, mostly composed of working men. They heard him gladly; and, when his health broke down, they were kind as well as appreciative, and were willing to wait for him as long as might be necessary. But a complete change and a long rest were decided on, and the winter of 1856-7 was passed in Algiers.

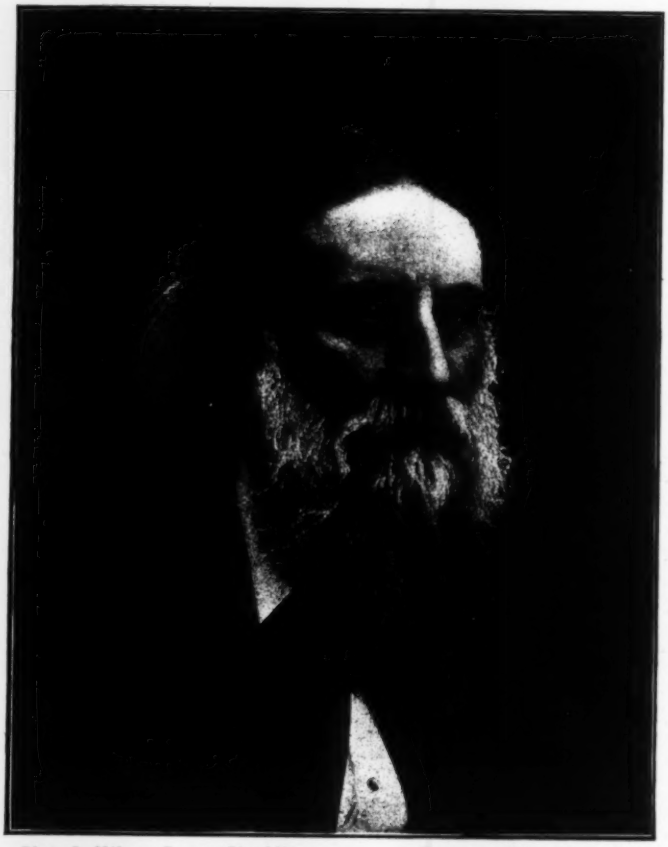


Photo J. Milman Brown, Shanklin.

George MacDonald.

The year 1856 had seen the publication of his first volume, the dramatic poem, "Within and Without," in which he strikes more than once the keynote of all his teaching. For example, in the sonnet beginning:

"And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the father's heart rich good invent?"

also in the song where the lover promises that:

"Hades and Death
Shall vanish away like a frosty breath."

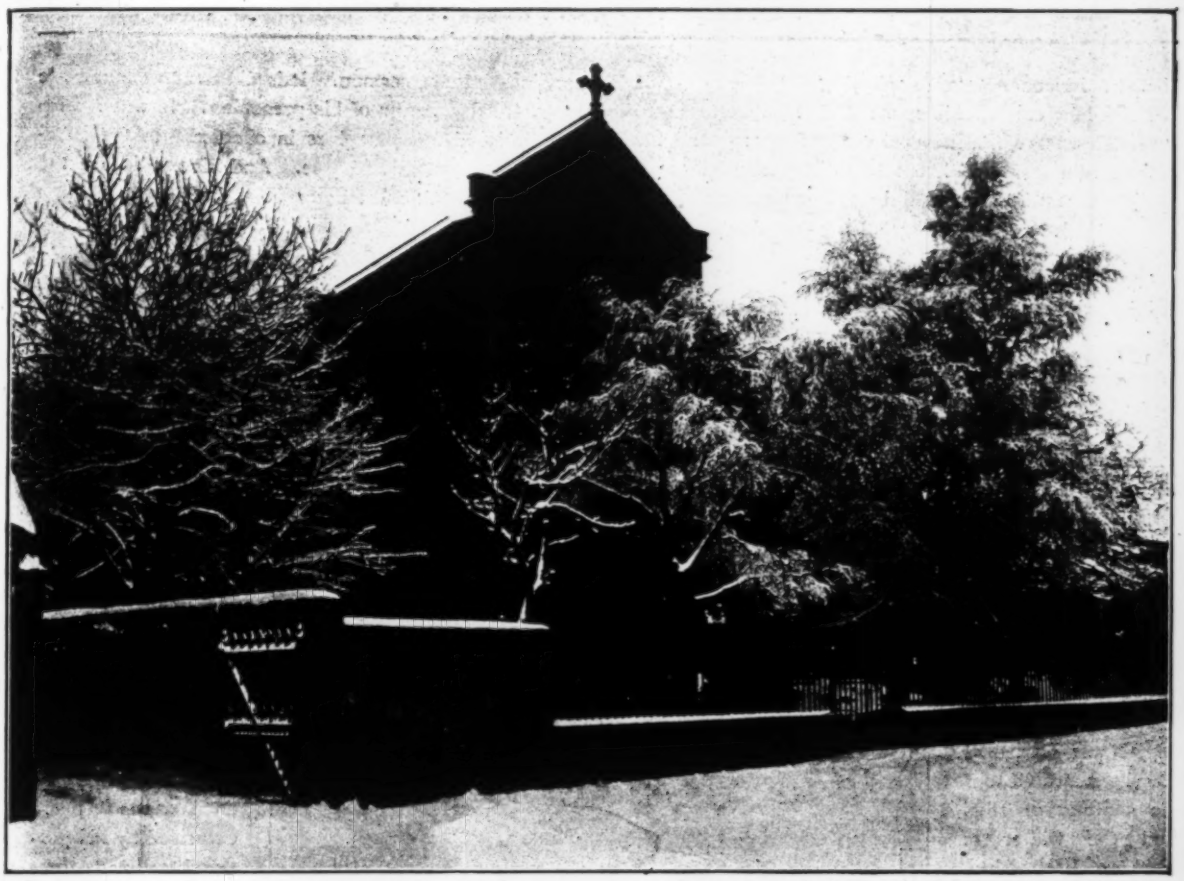
For his gospel was of the goodness of God and the boundless hope for humanity which that goodness implied.

While in Algiers the poet inscribed to his father the second volume of poems, in two sonnets full of devotion and gratitude. It was well that this volume came out when it did, for his father died the following year. This volume contained much autobiography, especially in the long poem entitled "A Disciple," in which he has given us a record of the spiritual history of his youth and earlier manhood. Long afterwards, in his sixth decade, when hard work and intensity of feeling had too soon brought old age, he wrote "The Diary of an Old Soul," in which beautiful thoughts shine out like stars; but the wayfarer is already a little aweary of his journey. Although autobiographical elements are most abundant in those two poems, they are also not withheld in the other works.

The faerie romance entitled "Phantastes" was published in 1858. In that year the author was in Hastings, where he lived for some time after his return from Algiers. Among friends belonging to this time or to the immediately succeeding years, were Lady Noel Byron, who died in 1860, Frederick D. Maurice, "Lewis Carroll," Miss Mulock, Mrs. Oliphant. Tennyson was among his friends, but I do not know when their intercourse began. In 1862, the first novel, "David Elginbrod," was dedicated "to the memory of Lady Noel Byron, with a love stronger than death."

On returning to London, he lived for some time at Tudor Lodge, and afterwards, for about four years, at 12, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, the house which was subsequently lived in by Walter Pater and by Du Maurier. Then a removal was made to The Retreat, Hammersmith, about 1867. This was a roomy Georgian house, near the river. Douglas Jerrold had lived in it. Earlier still, in its beautiful garden, in 1816, Francis Ronalds had practically worked the electric telegraph, which was his invention. William Morris followed Dr. MacDonald in this residence, but he changed the name to Kelmscott House. Writing to Mrs. Morris, he said of it: "The situation is certainly the prettiest in London . . . the garden is really most beautiful." While at The Retreat, Dr. MacDonald had a large household, and exercised a generous hospitality. During part of this time, he had also a house at Hastings. It stood in a garden, on the London Road, just beyond old Hastings town. Later, in 1876-7, he had a house at Bournemouth (Coragé). Among his intimate friends in the Hammersmith days were Ruskin, Burne-Jones, Strahan, the publisher of several of his books, and Arthur Hughes, who illustrated his books for young people. Some of these juvenile works are the best things of the kind that have ever been written. Meanwhile, the series of delightful Scottish stories, "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes,"

* A son of Dr. Scott, of Greenock, Mr. A. J. Scott had been deposed from the ministry by the General Assembly, in 1831, because of his refusal to sign the Confession of Faith. Yet he ministered to the Scots Church at Woolwich from 1831 till 1846. In 1848 he was lecturing at University Hall, London.



Independent Church at Huntly.

Where Dr. MacDonald usually preached when visiting Huntly.

Huntly Castle from the East.

The Castle figures in "Alec Forbes."

"Robert Falconer," "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," had carried his name and his message to thousands who would never have sought to read his poetical volumes. He had also written a number of English tales, had lectured in this country, and, in 1872-3, he had made a lecturing tour in America, accompanied by Mrs. MacDonald. And here it may be said, once for all, that George MacDonald was guilty of one sin; the sin of overworking his fine mind and exquisite fancy and delicately-balanced physical frame.

The dramatising of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was done entirely by Mrs. MacDonald, although her husband acted the part of "Greatheart" when the drama was performed. It may be remembered that Mrs. MacDonald also dramatised a number of popular tales, making them into "Chamber Dramas for Children."

Huntly Castle from the South.

The winter of 1877-8 was passed at Nervi, near Genoa; the summer of 1878 and the winter of 1878-9 at Porto Fino, a beautiful little seaport twenty miles from Genoa. There he wrote "Sir Gibbie," and from there also is dated his dedication of "Paul Faber" to W. C. T. (W. Cowper Temple), a couplet from which is quoted at the beginning of this paper.

After that year, and for more than twenty years, all the winters were spent in Bordighera, where in Casa Coraggio he and Mrs. MacDonald exercised a most generous hospitality. All the summers, excepting two, were spent in England, where he sometimes had a house in London, sometimes in the country—generally in Surrey. The two exceptions were a summer at Arth, in Switzerland, and one at Pratolino, near Florence. After Mrs. MacDonald's death, and for one or two summers before that, he lived at St. George's Wood, Haslemere, with his eldest son, Dr. Greville MacDonald. This was his home until last Christmas. From that time until he passed away, on the 18th of September, he was at Sagamore, Ashtead, Surrey, with his youngest daughter, and his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Edward Troup, C.B., who was also his kinsman.

It was about the early seventies that we had most frequent opportunities in Huntly of listening to the poet-seer, in lecture or sermon. It is difficult to exaggerate the persuasive power of his preaching. It was a winning call to range ourselves in obedience to the sovereign righteousness and love. And his reading of the Bible was magnificent: he could make Job come forth again to argue with the Lord of Heaven. From his listeners we heard little or nothing in the way of criticism. He led us to such thoughts as make for brotherhood and agreement. We had never known our father to wander from his own church until he sat with his children in the Congregational Church to listen to George MacDonald. Later on, when the poet was to preach in the parish church, the old Free Church elder gladly went thither also, and worshipped where he had worshipped in his pre-Disruption boyhood. The man owed his wonderful power of drawing hearts not only to the uplifting nature of his message, but also to something like an unconscious spell exercised by his personality and presence. He had in him the magnetism of goodness and love. I have seen his eyes ablaze with the kindness of his greeting. But it was not left to him to break for all of us the bonds of Calvinism. Such writers as Tyndall, Froude, and Renan had already done that; but they had also taken away our faith. Could George MacDonald restore it? Almost he did; and entirely he won our hearts. His lovely spirit captivated us, his grand optimism fascinated and delighted us. And we felt, with a rapture of gratitude, that he had dispelled the darkness of a superstition darker than the creeds of heathenism. Thenceforward Christianity was one thing, and the Calvinistic teaching of our childhood was another and an opposite thing.

A word in conclusion as to the family of the poet. It is very evident that he had great delight in his children. He called them his "eleven treasures" when he was here. In Bordighera, when asked how many he had, he answered, "The wrong side of a dozen," implying that he would be glad of more. But the hearer, not seeing the point, took him to mean that there were thirteen, and so a belief arose that it was so. There

were indeed fourteen, if three adopted ones are counted. Of the six sons, one died in boyhood; five now survive. But of the five daughters only two now remain, three having died after they had reached womanhood. Mrs. MacDonald died in 1902, a year after their golden wedding had been celebrated. A great weariness and wistful looking for release are visible in the later poetical works long before the end. There echoes from many of his verses something of the refrain that he puts into the mouth of the "Auld Fisher":

"An' it's—oh, to win awa, awa!
An' it's, oh, to win awa,
Whare the bairns come hame, an' the wives they bide,
An' God is the Father o' a'!"

Overmantel in Huntly Castle.

In a brief study of a long life, and of an active, many-sided mind, much must remain unsaid. No mention has been made of his overflowing humour, so abundantly present in the Scottish novels, and glinting and gleaming through all the Scottish songs and ballads, nor of his rare critical powers. But above all, and all through life, he was a preacher. His presence, and a certain magnetism of attractiveness, his unassuming, kindly grace, and his trust and hope in God were powerful to draw to him the hearts of his hearers. The critic forgot to criticise, and was lifted up to a higher plane where criticism was lost in love and reverence. His form of creed may indeed pass, but the spirit of it will remain. Let his epitaph here be the trustful words of the characteristic couplet with which he concludes the little poem on "Better Things":

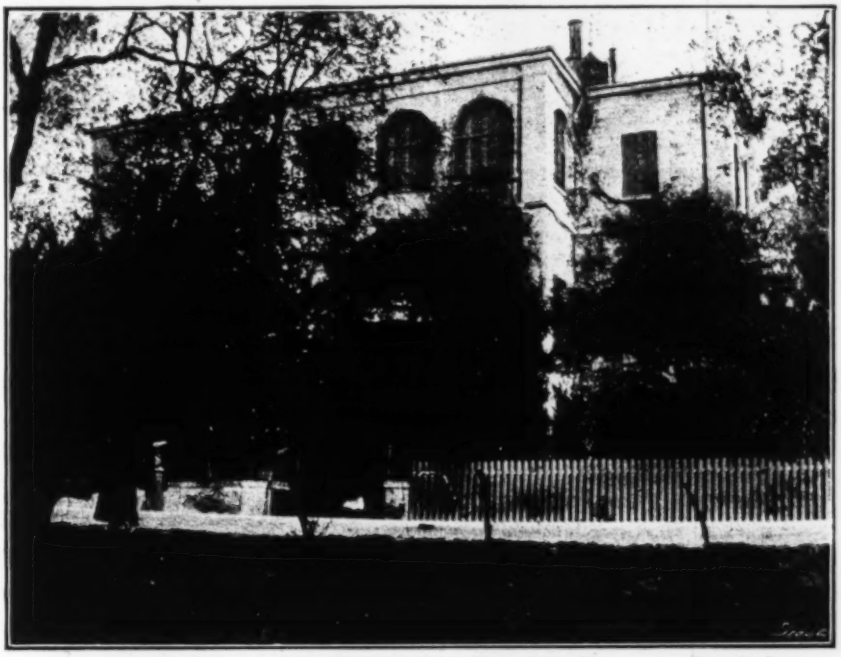
"Better a death when work is done than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth."

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"It matters not how many books you have, but whether they are good or not."—SENECA.

DANIEL DEFOE.

"IT has happened not seldom," says Lamb, writing of Defoe, "that one work of some author has so transcendently surpassed in execution the rest of his compositions, that the world has agreed to pass a sentence of dismissal upon the latter, and to consign them to total neglect and oblivion." This is true of Defoe as it is of hardly any other English writer. Against the immortality of "Robinson Crusoe" we must set the oblivion that has overtaken its author's more than two hundred other publications. And it is not his works only that have been neglected. How many readers have been at the pains to acquaint themselves with the extraordinary life-story of the marvellous enchanter whose Island is still the first landing-place of youth on the shores of old romance!



George MacDonald's House in Bordighera.

The erary pilgrim who visits London for the first time is not likely, any more than Sir Roger, to neglect "the tombs." From the graves of Chaucer and of Johnson in the Abbey, he follows the well-worn pilgrim's road to the Temple. There he will find people of many nationalities gazing reverently at the slab that is supposed to mark the resting-place of Oliver Goldsmith. A few minutes more will see him in

St. Paul's. From St. Paul's to Westminster—that is all the usual pilgrim's way. Some, better instructed and more enthusiastic, will leave the beaten track. They will make it a point of honour to seek out St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton is buried. They will even adventure so far as Kensal Green to see the graves of Hood and Thackeray. But there is another shrine that is very little frequented. Few visitors know of it, and still fewer Londoners. The crowds that daily throng Liverpool Street are quite ignorant of the fact that they are within a few hundred yards of holy ground, where rests the dust of those friends of our childhood—John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe—and Isaac Watts. If there is any children's shrine in the world it ought by rights to be Bunhill Fields. But such is the perversity of fortune. It was only in 1870 that an obelisk was raised here as the result of an appeal "to the boys and girls of England for a fund to place a suitable monument on the grave of Daniel Defoe." The inscription further tells us that "it represents the united contributions of 1,700 persons." None of us would care to explain to the inquiring foreigner that this was a monument, erected nearly a century and a half after his death by "1,700 persons," to the author of "Robinson Crusoe." One of Defoe's finest essays is entitled "The Instability of Human Glory." To this history provides a pregnant foot-note. In the same year, 1870, when a tardy monument was erected to the memory of Defoe by seventeen hundred subscribers—representing how many millions of admirers of every nationality—our own Government granted a modest pension to three maiden ladies who were the last descendants of this immortal progenitor.

The personal history of Defoe is not easy to elucidate. The variety of his enterprises was as great as his literary fertility, and around everything he did or wrote he contrived to weave a thick web of mystification. As a novelist, and quite in a complimentary sense, he has not improperly been called the greatest liar that ever lived. His genius for fabrication may be said to have begot in him a passion for untruth. It is accordingly impossible to accept any statement of Defoe's without verification. Throughout his works are many passages of apparently autobiographical value. But the suspicion is necessarily always present that Defoe is simply amusing himself at our expense. The "Journal of the Plague" and the description of the burning of St. Vincent—both of which have been frequently quoted as authentic documents—make it impossible to approach Defoe's statements but with an open mind. Ingenious attempts have been made to follow up Defoe's own admission that the story of "Robinson Crusoe" is an allegory of its author's life. In a broad and general way this has been shown to be so. But any attempt to work out the parallel in detail is rendered vain by the peculiar nature of its author's literary gift.

Defoe was born in 1659 in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. He was descended of a yeoman family in Northamptonshire. His father, on the failure of the family fortunes, went to London as a boy, in the traditional manner, "an apprentice for to bind"; and became a prosperous butcher in the City. It was the intention of James Foe to make Daniel (who in middle life changed his surname to Defoe) a Nonconformist minister, and to this end he was educated at an academy at Newington Green. There he received a sound education and, if we may believe him, made himself "pretty well master of five languages." Leaving the academy at the age of nineteen, Defoe gave up the idea of the ministry, which "seemed to him at that time neither honourable, agreeable, nor profitable," and became a hosier in Cornhill. The prosaic nature of his calling belied the man. That Richardson's novels were written in a bookseller's back-parlour gave his enemies some cause to laugh. But there was no such disparity in the case of Defoe. All his life he proved himself a fighting man, with a talent for surmounting adversity not equalled by Crusoe's own. Monmouth's Rebellion found the hosier a man of arms. He was present at Sedgemoor, and, more fortunate than several of his old schoolfellows at Newington, escaped the Jeddart justice of Jeffreys. Fortunately, business took Defoe to Spain and Portugal till the trouble had blown over.

A man of extraordinary business acumen, Defoe's interests were too wide to allow him to attend to his own concerns. He could have promoted companies, but he could not keep a shop. He wrote masterly manuals of advice to tradesmen, but he never profited by them himself. His whole life was a struggle with bankruptcy, frequently not successful. At the time of the revolution his fortunes seemed high. He rode as a Liveryman in King William's state procession to the Guildhall. Three years later, after unsuccessful trading on a grand scale in Spain, he was hiding from the bailiffs in Bristol. Refusing a commercial agency at Cadiz, Defoe determined to pin his fortune to Government support, and from 1694-1699 he acted as accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass Duty. Among the Dutch fashions that came to England with the Revolution was the taste for ornamental tiles. Ever quick to see a commercial possibility, the ex-hosier established a pantile works at Tilbury. Any success this might have attained was shortly stopped by the next surprising turn in Defoe's fortune.

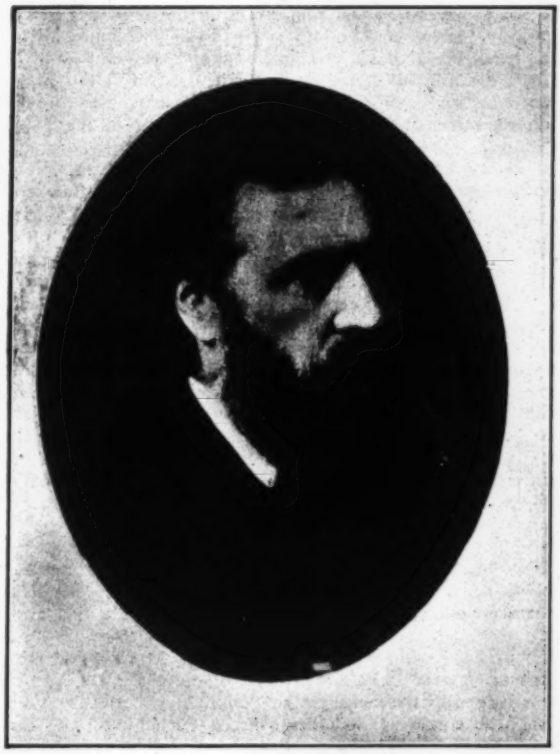
In 1701 Defoe published his vigorous defence of King William in the doggerel poem, "The True-Born Englishman." A year later his patron was dead, and Defoe and the Nonconformists were in disfavour. It was then that he launched his famous pamphlet, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," in which, writing as a supposed High Churchman, he gravely urged that "whoever was found in a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged." The document incensed the Government without giving much pleasure to his own side. Immediately there was a hue-and-cry after the author, a man "with a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." In a short time Defoe had to give himself up, and was condemned to Newgate during the Queen's pleasure, and to stand for three days in the pillory. His immediate rejoinder was the "Hymn to the Pillory," ending with the famous quatrain:—

> "Tell 'em the men who placed him here,
> Are scandals to their times;
> Are at a loss to find his guilt,
> And *can't commit his crimes.*"

While his ballad was being hawked on Ludgate Hill, the intrepid author of "Robinson Crusoe" was being pelted on the pillory—with flowers by an admiring mob.

During the year he spent in Newgate Gaol Defoe began his "Review of the Affairs of France"—a periodical of supreme importance in the history both of the modern newspaper and of the essay. Defoe was a masterly journalist. His "Introductory Letter" is generally admitted to be the forerunner of the leading article. But in endless ways he showed himself a pioneer in journalism. Naturally being a little short of news in Newgate, Defoe invented agreeable paragraphs, answered imaginary correspondents, even made up spurious quack-advertisements. Fleet Street to-day knows no device not anticipated by Defoe. It is true, as Lamb remarks in the words that we have quoted, that Defoe is known as the author of only one masterpiece. But the wonderful feature of his versatile genius is that it was not only facile but fecund. The suggestions he carelessly scattered contained in them seeds that were destined to take root in literature and produce great developments. The English essay, the English novel, the English press all bear the stamp of the genius of Daniel Defoe.

When Harley came into power in 1704, he did not forget the brilliant prisoner in Newgate. To his offer of help, Defoe rejoined, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." A Whig by conviction, Defoe, in the "interest of the nation," had no scruples in serving a Tory Ministry. The most important service he rendered Harley was his work in Edinburgh in 1706, where he lived nearly a year as the confidential agent of the Government in paving the way for the Union of the Parliaments. While engaged in this delicate enterprise, Defoe did not relax his labours as a journalist. Three times a week the "Review" made its appearance, betraying its author's residence by its unusual preponderance of Scottish news. That Defoe should have been bitterly denounced as a time-server is not surprising. He could turn his coat with the celerity of the Vicar of Bray. When Harley fell, Defoe's pen was at the service of Godolphin. When Harley returned to office in 1710, Defoe had no doubt as to his course of action. "Though I don't like the crew, I won't sink the ship," was his not very convincing or modest explanation. "It has been the disaster of all parties in this nation to be very hot in their turn, and as often as they have been so, I have differed from them all, and ever must and



George MacDonald in 1872.

Photo Sarony. George MacDonald in 1872.

Photo George Shaw, Edinburgh. George MacDonald.

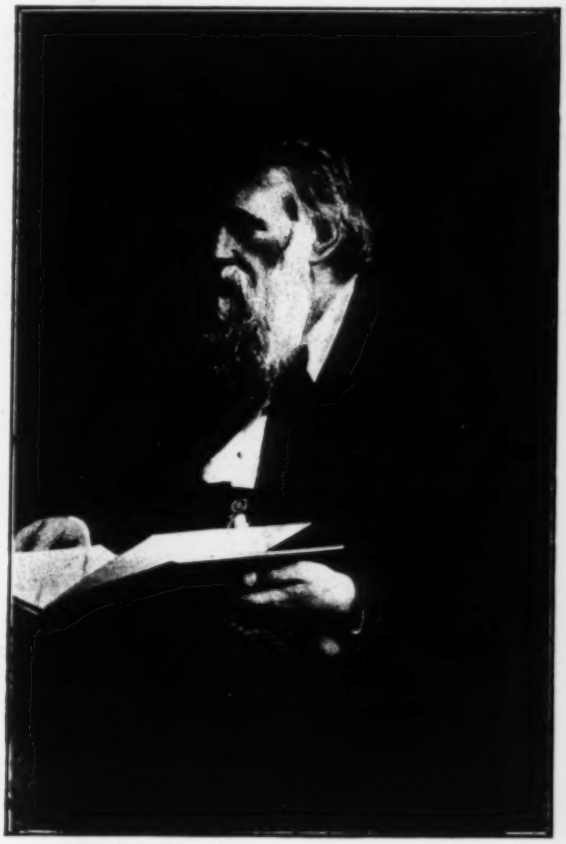


Photo Elliott & Fry. George MacDonald.

shall do so." In the early year of George the First's reign Defoe was constantly engaged in shady diplomacy. To join the staff of an opposition journal for the purpose of neutralising its political influence was one of his special achievements. The last ten years of his life were given up to writing. The extent and variety of the work is astonishing, and the marvel is increased when we think of it as the production of a man who had already spent sixty years of a crowded life. To this period belongs "Robinson Crusoe," "The Journal of the Plague," all the minor novels, "The Tour through Britain," "The Complete English Tradesman," and a full score more. Defoe's work at last seems to have brought him prosperity. But the closing scenes, from which the veil has never been fully lifted, point either to disaster or to senile decay. In 1729 he was in hiding at Greenwich, and passed away two years later in a lodging in Moorfields. The story of Defoe's life is strangely consistent. To the end he was an indefatigable worker, and to the end he displayed his strange passion for intrigue. Only a few months before his death he issued his last pamphlet, and his last letters reveal him in the congenial enterprise of trying to evade the payment of his favourite daughter's dowry. "However we regard his life, we see only prolonged efforts and persecutions. Joy seems to be wanting; the idea of the beautiful never enters. Defoe is like one of those brave, obscure and useful soldiers who, with empty belly and burdened shoulders, go through their duty with their feet in the mud, pocket blows, receive the whole day long the fire of the enemy, and sometimes that of their friends into the bargain, and die sergeants, happy if it has been their good fortune to get hold of the legion of honour."

Of no author is it less to be deplored that we have no complete edition of his works. For the great mass of Defoe's writings is only ephemeral journalism. It is his peculiar feature that he owes his position of classical rank to the use of one and only one literary artifice. Defoe is difficult to classify, for the reason that he is unique. A novelist in the ordinary sense he is not. And yet he is the greatest master the world has ever seen of fictitious narrative. Never before or since has there been such "realism." For the understanding of Defoe's methods, none of his works is so illuminative as "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal." There we find the real secret of Defoe's magic, and it may be summed up in the statement that in evidence it is the little things that count. The courts of justice daily proclaim the same fact. On the broader aspects of the case all the witnesses may agree. But the real clue is generally found in the apparently minor facts elicited by cross-examination. Defoe realised this as no other writer has ever done. His details are endless and often apparently irrelevant. He repeats himself and corrects himself in the manner of a blundering witness. The details are so unimportant that they would not have been mentioned unless they were true! The result is a perfect triumph of art, a complete illusion. Defoe does not tell a story or weave a plot. To him there is no dividing line between fact and fiction. By a signal stroke of genius he applied in the region of imagination the methods of the journalistic reporter.

In his "Journal of the Plague," "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," and the account of the destruction of St. Vincent, Defoe's methods are better seen even than in "Robinson Crusoe." But in the last he had the good fortune to hit on a subject of perennial interest peculiarly suited to the bent of his genius. It has often been pointed out that the drama evolved in "Robinson Crusoe" is one of entirely general application. The situation is not of any special time or clime. But on the other hand many critics, not English ones alone, have found in the immortal story the finest presentment of our national characteristics. Says Taine, "Never was art the tool of a more moral or more thoroughly English work. Robinson Crusoe is quite a man of his race, and might instruct it even in the present day. He has their force of will, inner enthusiasm, hidden ferment of a violent imagination which formerly produced the sea-kings, and now produces emigrants and squatters." "'Robinson Crusoe,'" says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "which is a fairy tale to the child, a book of adventure to the young, is a work on social philosophy to the mature. It is a picture of civilisation. It remains, with 'Don Quixote,' the only prose work of the fancy which has equal charms for every age of life, and which has inexhaustible teaching for the student of man and of society."

To read the life of Defoe, a story as wonderful as any he himself narrated, is not likely to beget hero-worship for this benefactor of our youth. No better or fairer verdict has been passed than in the words of his biographer in the "English Men of Letters Series." "Defoe," says Professor Minto, "cannot be held up as an exemplar of moral conduct, yet if he is judged by the measures he laboured for, and not by the means he employed, few Englishmen have lived more deserving than he of their country's gratitude. He may have been self-seeking and vain-glorious, but in his political life self-seeking and vain-glory were elevated by their alliance with higher and wider aims. Defoe was a wonderful mixture of knave and patriot. Sometimes pure knave seems to be uppermost, sometimes pure patriot, but the mixture is so complex and the energy of the man so restless, that it almost passes human skill to unravel the two elements. The author of 'Robinson Crusoe' is entitled to the benefit of every doubt."

RANGER.

Some suggested texts and reference books on the subject, a star denoting the most essential:—

* Defoe. By William Minto. (E. M. L.) 1s. (Macmillan.)
Defoe. By A. Wherry. 2s. net. (Bell.)
Journal of the Plague Year. 2s. net. (Newnes.)
Robinson Crusoe. 2s. (Pitt Press.)
Captain Singleton. 1s. (Scott Library.)
Defoe: Earlier Life and Works. 2s. (Routledge.)
Life of Defoe. By W. Whitten. 2s. net. (Kegan Paul.)
* Works of Defoe. 3s. 6d. (Nimmo.)

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book in the November number of THE BOOKMAN.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best answer to the question:—Name the flower you consider to be "best beloved of the poets," and give twelve quotations from *different* English poets in support of your theory.

III.—"It is idle to mourn the loss of an unwritten book, but Marvell's life of Milton would have been a treasure."—A. BIRRELL.

A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of six other desirable unwritten books.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

Huntly, Aberdeenshire, George MacDonald's Native Town.

On the Bogie, Huntly.

"The Glamour," in "Alec Forbes."

The Rothie, in "Robert Falconer."

Huntly Lodge.

Old Bridge over the Deveron, near Huntly Castle.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by "J. A.," 6, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow. The successful competitor has reinforced his quotation by a second which we print beside it.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.
"We wait for certain money here, Sir."
—*Timon of Athens*, III. 4, 48.
"A prize, a prize, a prize!"—*Two Gent. of Verona*, V. 4, 144.

The following are a few other excellent quotations which have reached us this month :—

SHAKESPEARE'S CHRISTMAS. By "Q."
"But Couch, ho! here he comes to beguile two hours."
—*All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. 1.
(T. BEAUMONT, 7, Robertson Street, Partick West.)

THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS AT BUCKINGHAM AND WINDSOR. 2 vols. 26 gns. net.
"Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing."—*Sonnets*, 87.
(A. WATSON, 2, Otterburn Villas, Newcastle.)

AYESHA. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive She."
—*As You Like It*, III. 2, 28.
(Rev. R. F. COBBOLD, Beachampton, Stony Stratford.)

LIFE OF DICKENS. By PERCY FITZGERALD.
"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."—*Love's Labour Lost*, V. 1.
(H. BATCHELOR, 7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath.)

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC. By ANTHONY HOPE.
"Such as I am, I come from Antony."—*Ant. and Cleop.*, III. 10.
(B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best list of alternative titles to the six novels named below has been gained by Mr. T. B. PAGE, 27, White Hart Street, E.C.

Pendennis	Youth on the Prow
Jane Eyre...	The Love-story of a Plain Woman
Adam Bede	Country-side Drama
David Copperfield	The Wheel of Life
Oliver Twist	A School for Thieves
Middlemarch	Love's Impediments

The answers received in this competition were disappointing both in number and in quality. But the very meagreness of the result is of interest as indicating the supreme difficulty of finding a suggestive and euphonious title for a work of fiction. Most of the great English novels have derived their titles from the name either of their leading character or of the scene of the story. Probably the happiest exception to this rule is the title of "Vanity Fair." In an early number of THE BOOKMAN we hope to make this question of titles the subject of an interesting competition.

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month offered for the identification of the closing sentences of the prefaces of nine famous books in English literature has been gained by Miss ALICE ANDREWS, West Norwood, S.E., who is requested to send her full address. The successful competitor solved only six of the questions. We append the completed list :—

(1) Arnold's "Literature and Dogma."
(2) Dryden's "Religio Laici."
(3) Shelley's "Alastor."
(4) Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows."
(5) Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."
(6) Byron's "Sardanapolus."
(7) Seeley's "Natural Religion."
(8) Arnold's "Poems" (2nd edition).
(9) Spencer's "Data of Ethics."

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by Miss A. M. TRETHEWY, 46, Tasburgh Street, Grimsby, and the Rev. GEORGE MACKENZIE, Manse of Ettrick, Selkirk, for the suggestions which appear as the second and third items in THE BOOKMAN Competitions for November.

New Books.

THE COMEDY OF SEA AND SHORE.*

It is quite a long while ago now since I read somewhere a friendly but very serious paragraph warning Mr. Jacobs that he was limiting himself too exclusively to one particular type of character, one particular phase of existence, one particular class of story—that his outlook was too narrow, the field of his observation and endeavours altogether too restricted, and that in a lamentably short time the original and peculiar vein of humour to which he was confining himself must be worked out, the lode would be exhausted, and he simply wouldn't have anything left to go on with. I was much younger then than I am now, and I confess to remembering that the thought of that barrenness which was awaiting Mr. Jacobs in the near future made me feel rather sorry for him. But that, as I say, was a long while ago; happily Mr. Jacobs was not scared out of his way by the solemn warning, but has since published a good half-dozen volumes in the same vein, and here he is with another one that is as fresh and ingenious in humour and invention as the very first of them all, and certainly betrays no intimation whatever that he is yet nearing the end of his resources. Of course, the truth is that, with eyes to see and sympathetic imagination enough to penetrate below the surface of what he sees, a man may find the whole world in any one corner of it. There is as inexhaustible a variety of life and character and incident among the barge-captains and crews, the miscellaneous waterside idlers and workers, and the quaintly and often fatuously humorous village folk with whom Mr. Jacobs peoples his pages, as you shall find in the more assertive, more obviously eventful, but only superficially larger and more complex world of West End society that always has been and always is being written about, and that we are all agreed offers the novelist an ample supply of inexhaustible material. I have read half a score of clever society novels in these last few weeks, and have not found anything like the range and difference of character and episode in all of them put together that there is within the covers of "Captains All" alone.

One of the finest qualities of Mr. Jacobs' art is its perfect restraint; he never over-elaborates a point, or gives you a word more than is absolutely essential to the telling of his story; always he is tersely elusive and suggestive, yet never leaves you in doubt. A less reticent author would have hastened to make freer use of that amazing power he has in fashioning weird or gruesome fantasies of the supernatural. In this direction he has, so far, made only some four or five masterly experiments, and it is in this direction, I believe, that he has still to fully develop and discover himself. There is one such story in "Captains All"—an eerie, haunting little study called "Over the Side," in which "a ghastly, black-bearded man, dripping with water," climbs aboard mysteriously in mid-ocean, cannot speak any comprehensible language, and has a startling expression in his eyes that

* "Captains All." By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

He had a little collar and chain made for it, and took it out for a walk. —"The White Cat."
(From a drawing by Will Owen appearing in W. W. Jacobs's new book, "Captains All.")

A friendship sprang up between the two men which puzzled the remainder of the crew not a little.—"The Madness of Mr. Lister."
(From a drawing by Will Owen appearing in W. W. Jacobs's new book, "Captains All.")

reminds the superstitious seamen of their uncongenial comrade who died strangely and was committed to the deep the day before, and who had once said he would come back to them from the grave. It is wrought to a bizarre and curiously pathetic conclusion, and though it does not reach Mr. Jacobs' high-water mark in this kind, it is an effective and vividly imaginative piece of work. The other nine stories in the book are in their author's familiar and ever delightful mood of broadly farcical comedy. My personal preferences are for "Bob's Redemption" and "The Boatswain's Mate," but you cannot read any one of them without heartiest laughter. Mr. Jacobs has done nothing better than the best in this his latest collection, and there is not a worst amongst them. The characteristic illustrations of Mr. Will Owen catch the tone and spirit of the stories very cleverly.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A MEDLEY OF MEMORIES.*

There is more in Mr. Innes Shand's "Medley of Memories" than meets a skimming eye. At first sight they appear scrappy and superficial, their style strikes one as unduly colloquial, and the sense is not unfrequently ambiguous, owing to faulty construction. For instance, it gives one a shock to read that the Quaker, Amos Cruickshank, of Sittyton, a well known breeder of shorthorns, "did well and died in affluence; but he cut his own throat, for as his stock was disseminated his sales fell off." A second and third reading is required to show that the author only means that Mr. Cruickshank spoilt his own market by selling good breeders. Again, in describing Horatio Ross's feat in killing swallows on the wing with a pistol for a wager, he expresses himself thus darkly:—"He posted himself at the corner of the house, fluttered a white handkerchief as the bird swept round, and dropped it when it poised." This is plain English for dropping the handkerchief, but it is intended to mean that the bird was shot.

One is more than half-way through the book before reaching a passage so modest and frank that the critic of style is disarmed at once.

"If after many idle years I fluked myself into a literary income, it is one of the wonderful instances of unmerited luck. When supplies are running short, taking to letters is naturally the resort of the destitute who have been trained to nothing, or have failed at everything they tried. One fine morning, the turning-point of my fortunes, I took a flying shot at an advertisement. I had seen the announcement of a new Conservative weekly, the *Imperial Review*, with a hospitable invitation to contributors. I wrote to place my services at the editor's disposal, and suggested a subject, Turkey and America. Of Turkey, I knew nothing more than I had picked up on a flying visit to Constantinople and sundry shooting-parties in the provinces; of America, I knew nothing at all, but some American question chanced to have cropped up just then. Both articles appeared as leaders in leaded type, and thenceforward my career was decided."

After this it is impossible to be cross with a writer, even when he utters such barbarisms as *dei majores* (p. 181) and "gladiolas" (p. 80), invents such an impossible hybrid as "cottage-*ornée*" (p. 182), and peppers his paragraphs with French words which have perfectly serviceable Saxon equivalents.

His abrupt plunge into journalism proved a success, and the best chapters in the book are those containing literary recollections. There are bright little sketches of Laurence Oliphant, Sir Edward Hamley, General Chesney, George Meredith, Leslie Stephen, Beresford Hope and a host of other friends and acquaintances with whom his new calling brought him in contact. Among editors, he gives the palm to Delane, with a cordial *proxime accessit* for Frederick Greenwood; but as combined friend and editor he puts John Blackwood above every other.

Plenty of stories are scattered through these random recol-

* "Days of the Past: a Medley of Memories." By Alexander Innes Shand. 12s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd.)

lections; some good, others not so good. Here is one that will bear quotation, of Sir Frederick Bramwell who had to make a speech at a scientific dinner at Cambridge. "It was very late when he got upon his legs, and he said the only thing that occurred to him in connection with applied science at that hour, was the striking of a lucifer match and applying it to a bedroom candle."

Mr. Innes Shand's memory serves him over a long space of time and upon many phases of life. Changes in town and country, the evolution of London hotels and restaurants, the Stock Exchange, deer forests, grouse moors, Thames water-parties and the Scottish Church—all these and many more serve him as subjects, and there is not an unkindly word or hint from first to finish. Occasionally memory betrays him, as the best memory is prone to do. Apsley House was not "given by the gratitude of the nation" to the Duke of Wellington (p. 24). The nation gave him Strathfieldsaye; but he purchased his town house. "The old Duke of Cambridge" was only thirty-three when "he galloped down St. James's Street at a breakneck pace" to put right some confusion among the troops at the Duke of Wellington's funeral (p. 26). "A million more or less" is rather a loose statement of the price paid for buying up Northumberland House (p. 60); the actual price was £450,000.

Probably not one reader in five hundred will identify "Jupiter Carlyle," who is described as playing golf at Moulsey Hurst (p. 84), with the minister of Inveresk, 1748-1805. Here, as elsewhere, a footnote would have been well bestowed.

Despite the imperfections upon which it has been our duty to comment, Mr. Innes Shand's volume will give pleasure of the most blameless kind to a large number of readers.

DANTE THE WAYFARER."*

Dante's wanderings in this world are almost as difficult to understand as his pilgrimage through the next. A writer on the subject may follow one of two plans. In the first place, he may adopt the methods of higher critics like Scartazzini, and demand the strictest historical evidence of Dante's presence in this place or that. If he do so, his book may shrink into comparatively small dimensions. Dante's embassage to Rome, his second visits to Verona and the Lunigiana, his presence at Padua, Porciano, Poppi, Forli, and many other places, grow semi-mythical, and with them disappear many a delightful and picturesque anecdote, like that of the letter of Frate Ilario, "that foolish document," which Scartazzini dismisses with such contempt. The second method is perhaps best represented by the late Dean Plumptre, and consists in accepting freely whatever makes a sufficiently picturesque appeal to the imagination. Take the accounts of the exile's wanderings given by Villani, Boccaccio, and Leonardo Bruni; add to these the assumption that every place described by the poet was visited by him: and you have the material for a large and interesting book.

Mr. Hare certainly prefers the latter method, though he draws the line at Plumptre's visit to Oxford. It is not, of course, that he is unaware of the controversy, as many passages show; it is simply that he prefers to pass it by. The reader will look in vain for any set critical discussion of the historical evidence for or against Dante's presence here or there. A reference in the "Commedia" to a place constitutes "internal evidence" that the poet was there, and saw it with his own eyes. Probably Mr. Hare's method is right; one is certainly not prepared to say it is wrong. It is impossible to prove that Dante was *not* here or there. His own much-quoted words in the "Convito" show that the range of his wayfaring, at least in Italy, must have been very wide: "Through well nigh all the parts whereto this tongue [Italian] extends, a pilgrim, almost a beggar, I have gone, showing against my will the wound of fortune." As Lowell says, "During the nineteen years of his exile, it would be hard to say where he was not. In certain districts of Northern Italy there is scarce a village that has not its tradition of him, its *sedia, rocca, spelonca,* or *torre di Dante.*" Nothing, surely, could be more delightful than to put one's Dante in one's pocket and wander in the exile's footsteps, or even possible footsteps, untroubled by critical impertinences. Whether he was in a place or not, his description of it bites into the mind in a way which cannot be forgotten. As Mr. Hewlett says in his delightful "The Road in Tuscany," Dante is the one indispensable guide in Italy: "Traveller, whether he would or no, but a perfect traveller, inestimably quick to feel, and incurably an observer, Dante is indeed the master traveller, the master guide to Italy; for his poem possesses the three indispensables to a travel book: it inspires travel, it illuminates travel, and it recalls it." The reader who is willing to waive critical questions will find Dante's wayfaring in Italy and France set forth pleasantly in Mr. Hare's book, and illustrated by plentiful quotations from the "Commedia," from his embassage to Rome to "l'ultimo rifugio" in Ravenna. Historical incidents and "the legends which sprang up like flowers wherever his footsteps passed," or might have passed, are woven into the narrative with competent knowledge. The story is relieved by interesting chapters on such subjects as "Travel in the Middle Ages," "Dante as an Alpine Climber," and "The Birds of Dante."

Mr. Hare, in his "Prelude," disclaims all ambition to add another philosophical or theological commentary to the mighty list of Dante books; but one ventures to think that a little less scorn of the "allegorists" would not have injured his insight into the story he has to tell. Whether we like it or not, the "Commedia" is a great allegory; and if the commentators sometimes err by mistaking the literal for the symbolic, it is no less ruinous to the sense to mistake the symbolic for the literal. One can draw no inference from the "Purgatorio," as Mr. Hare does in the chapter on "Dante as an Alpine Climber," with regard to the poet's physical climbing powers, for the simple reason that his ascent of the Mount is purely symbolic of the conquest of sin: at the foot, with the load of sin on his back, he is a very poor climber; near the top, when he has got rid of it, he goes up as easily as a boat floats down stream. Mr. Hare is probably the first to discover that the cord round Dante's waist was a literal rope for Alpine climbing, though he admits there is no hint that it was ever so used. Of course, if this cord is to be taken literally, so must the rush with which Virgil girdled the poet on the shore of Mount Purgatory. Dante throws away the one girdle and assumes the other, and if one is to be taken literally and the other symbolically, good reason must be shown. Another instance may be given from the chapter on "The Birds of Dante." In the "Paradiso" the meeting of St. Peter and St. James is compared to a dove alighting near his mate, and one circling round the other, murmuring his love. Mr. Hare regards this as "delightfully grotesque" to our modern notions, and thinks the simile more appropriate to "two exquisites of the Court of Louis XIV. strutting forward to meet each other, bowing their heads and preening themselves, perhaps even wheeling round with courtly etiquette." Possibly, if one is content to see nothing but the exterior and visible shell of the simile. But just this is the peculiarity of Dante's similes, that the visible shell of the comparison frequently contains an invisible kernel of spiritual symbolism. It was not for nothing that Dante compared two great apostles to doves. The dove is a familiar symbol of the Divine Spirit. A slight transference of the idea applies it to all who live by the inspiration of that Spirit. It was a familiar symbol of the Church in general and of the apostles in particular. In the well-known mosaic in the apse of S. Clemente in Rome, *e.g.*, the Twelve Apostles in the form of doves are ranged round Christ on the cross. All this, we may be sure, was in Dante's mind when he chose the simile. Mr. Hare's book would certainly not have lost in interest had he allowed the light of Dante's symbolism to play round the sights and scenes of his earthly wayfaring. It only remains to add that the book is beautifully printed and enriched with many illustrations of the places associated with the great poet's exile.

J. S. CARROLL.

* "Dante the Wayfarer." By Christopher Hare. 10s. 6d. (Harper Brothers.)

THE RED REAPER.*

From beginning to end "The Red Reaper" is a tale of war and battle, a feature which it shares with the Iliad. The comparison may seem far-fetched, but there is something strangely reminiscent of the great Greek epic, not

* "The Red Reaper." By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

only in the rude valour and unquenchable ferocity of these Highland chieftains, but in the importance which the desperate ardour of the combatants gave to engagements which, judged by any numerical standard, were utterly unimportant. This truceless war of chieftain against chieftain, clan against clan, Macdonald against Campbell, has a Homeric flavour. Mr. Steuart has steeped himself in the spirit of the time, and he writes of battle and bloodshed with a zest which is hard to parallel among modern novelists. The coldest-blooded, most timid and ultra-modern reader will find his blood move faster as he follows the adventures of Mr. Steuart's heroes. Physical courage is the most primitive of all virtues, but man is not yet so highly civilised as to be wholly dead to the thrill roused by the mad shock of battle. There is yet some leaven of the untamable savage which responds to the call of war, and of war at its wildest and fiercest there is abundance in the pages of "The Red Reaper."

The scene is laid in Scotland in the reign of Charles I., at the time when Cromwell was coming to the front and his Ironsides were winning their name at Marston Moor. Scotland in the meanwhile was distracted by one of those internecine struggles so characteristic of the Celt in their fierceness and futility, between the Covenanters under Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyle, and the Royalists under Montrose. Three figures stand out pre-eminent—Montrose, debonair, tactful, a very Odysseus in resource and a Cœur de Lion in battle; Argyle, shifty and craven-hearted, but a very fox in cunning; and Alastair Macdonald, Colkitto, the wild leader of a wild horde of Irishry from the glens of Antrim. Numbers are on the side of the crafty Argyle, and the gallant Montrose is faced by the tragic consciousness that each successive victory snatched by superb generalship and Celtic valour against overwhelming odds will in the end be nullified by the success of the dour conqueror at Marston Moor. But fighting was a small part of Montrose's work. Very skilfully does Mr. Steuart indicate the difficulty of conciliating and keeping together the tiny band of Highland chiefs, each and all absurdly jealous of the rest and sensitive to the merest shadow of insult. Nothing but the untiring tact of Montrose kept his lieutenants from flying at each other's throats, and to keep the Atholemen on good terms with the Irish required ceaseless vigilance and dexterity. It was a feat of juggling, and juggling with men. Argyle forms an admirable foil to Montrose. The one is unswervingly loyal to a tottering king, the other is faithful to no cause but his own. A character such as Argyle, who was always either masking his emotion under an expressionless face or simulating an emotion he did not feel, presents special difficulties to the novelist. A complex character in itself, it becomes more complex still, because the reader must be made to see the man as he really was, and as he appeared to his followers and his enemies. Mr. Steuart has been markedly successful in overcoming this difficulty, and the contrasted figures of Argyle and Montrose form a notable piece of character study.

Lady Kitty Airlie.
(From "The Red Reaper," by John A. Steuart.)

Mr. Steuart has the instinct of style. He knows exactly the effect he wishes to produce, and he adopts the most direct means of obtaining it. The result, if occasionally unorthodox in detail, is a terse and trenchant diction admirably suited to the theme. The writer comes to grips with his subject without waste of time or words. The only complaint we have to make is that Mr. Steuart is apt to assume on the part of his readers a knowledge of Scottish history which many of them will not possess. In a Scotsman writing primarily for Scotsmen this is natural enough, but Mr. Steuart must not let modesty blind him to the fact that his gifts have won him a large public south of the Border.

A NEW LIFE OF THE BRONTËS.*

It was a happy thought which led the editor of this admirable series of Literary Lives to entrust "Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters" to Mr. Clement Shorter; for no living scholar has done so much as he to throw fresh light upon their biography. We already owe to him the publication of that fascinating volume known as "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," with its rich collection of letters and its vivid portraiture of her correspondents; and the notes which Mr. Shorter contributed to the Haworth edition of the novels are full of valuable and interesting matter. It is fitting therefore that he should be called upon to give, in a concise and simple form, the main result of his untiring and enthusiastic labours.

The book before us, it should at once be stated, enters into no competition with Mrs. Gaskell's "Life." That work, written as it was from the intimacy of personal friendship, and with the skill of an exquisite and finished artist, has long taken its place among the classics of our literature, the only biography fit to be ranked by the side of Boswell's "Johnson" and Lockhart's "Scott." But no student of the Brontës needs guidance to read Mrs. Gaskell; her book is well-nigh as famous as the novels whose origin she describes, and has borne a great part in giving to the readers of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" that personal feeling for their authors which no other novelist has ever been able to inspire. Yet for the serious student Mrs. Gaskell is not enough. If she had the advantages of proximity to her subject, she has some of its almost inevitable disadvantages. Her perspective was at times at fault; and her enthusiasm for Charlotte Brontë, both as an authoress and as a woman, led her to record as the unalterable verdict of history a representation of events and of persons which was often in reality little more than Charlotte's opinion of them, at times, indeed, the opinion of those who had less reason to be respected; whilst the very vividness of her narration gives force and conviction to conceptions which may be too highly coloured, if they are not actually misleading. Thus her portrait of Mr. Brontë is now admitted to be more pictur-

* "Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters." By Clement K. Shorter. Literary Lives. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

esque than accurate; and on her rash acceptance of the story, believed quite naturally perhaps by the Brontës, as to the relations of Branwell with Mrs. Robinson, his employer's wife, Mr. Shorter justly comments, "That she escaped with an apology and the withdrawal of the offending passages in later editions of the "Life" must be counted for greater good fortune than she recognised." And it would be a mistake to suppose that Mrs. Gaskell is alone responsible for such misconceptions. Ever since the Brontës have become famous, anecdotes have been related of them and their surroundings, and, like all anecdotes, have grown in the relation, till in the course of time a distorted picture has been produced; the wildest theories have been evolved as to their works, culminating in the assertion that Branwell was the indisputable author of much of "Wuthering Heights." As Mr. Shorter tells his plain unvarnished tale he lays the spectre of many an exaggerated theory or unfounded statement, and leaves us with a narrative that we can really trust. He draws, as far as it is possible to do so, on material which has been unearthed since Mrs. Gaskell wrote, in the main on letters of Charlotte Brontë herself, thus giving an entirely independent picture — as a whole, of course, supporting the verdict of the earlier biographer, but not seldom modifying it, and often contributing something fresh to our store of knowledge. The enthusiast for the Brontës will doubtless miss in this volume much of the detail in which he has delighted in Mrs. Gaskell. Indeed, nothing would have been easier for Mr. Shorter than to have written a more popular book than he has written; he preferred to write a valuable one, and to all who really care about the Brontës, and happily these are many, his work will be interesting from start to finish. Especially would we call attention to the early chapters which throw new light upon the characters of both Mr. and Mrs. Brontë, to the justly discriminating treatment of Branwell, a much-needed contribution to the Brontë story, to the chapter entitled "The Publications of Mr. Newby," and to those passages which deal with the relation of Charlotte Brontë to the different characters and situations in her novels under which she presents her own life. With admirable insight Mr. Shorter argues against the too literal correlation of her art and life, and sets his face against that criticism which in the first place regards imaginative art as though it were photography, and in the second place forgets that even if photography had been her object, it would have been impossible to a writer who saw every fact of her life through the medium of her strong passions, and looked upon the persons with whom she came into contact from the height of an ideal raised far above the level upon which the ordinary world pursues its uninspired ambitions. If Mr. Shorter errs in this portion of his book, it is, perhaps, in treating with too much respect theories which do not deserve so much attention. The vulgar and utterly unwarrantable assertion that because Lucy Snowe was in love with Paul Emmanuel, Charlotte Brontë must have been in love with M. Heger, might surely have been dismissed with a contemptuous reference rather than dignified by a serious discussion. Nor does the statement by which Mr. Shorter clinches his argument, "that an author cultivates emotions in order to make good copy out of them," seem a true or satisfactory interpretation of the artistic temperament. Can we imagine Shakespeare in his portraiture of Othello or Macbeth or Cleopatra "cultivating emotions so as to make good copy out of them?" Is it not rather that the artist, dowered as he is with intense imaginative sympathy with the different forms in which human passion can manifest itself, finds relief from the troubles in his own life by projecting himself into an imaginary situation, that, as Charlotte Brontë puts it, "the gift of poetry, the most divine bestowed on man, was granted to allay emotions when their strength threatens harm"? This is not the cultivation of emotion, but the transference of it into an ideal atmosphere, and in so passionately sincere an author as Miss Brontë it is not prompted by the desire to make "good copy," but by an irresistible longing for self-expression, that she might ease her heart by writing.

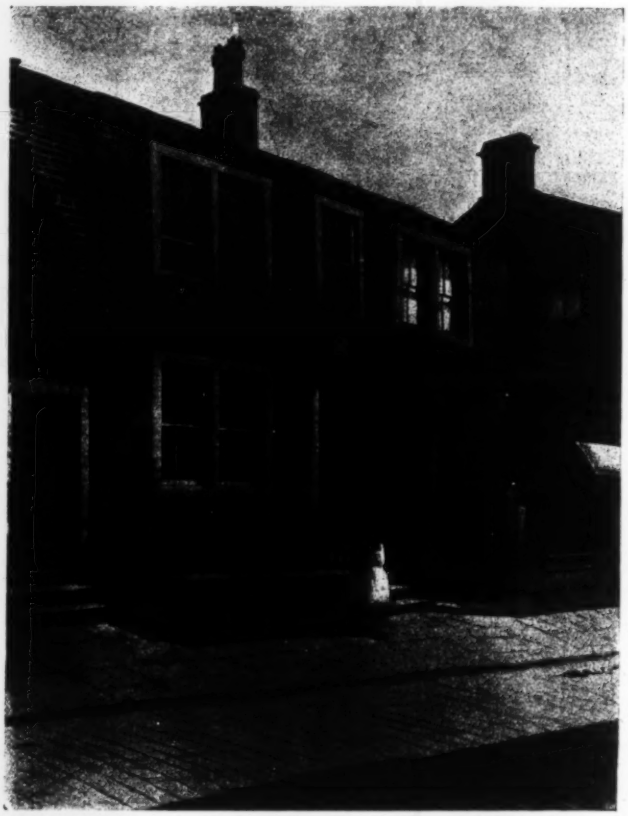


Photo J. J. Stead.

The Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë at Thornton.

But on points of literary criticism critics will always tend to differ, and we confess that we find ourselves occasionally at variance with Mr. Shorter. Thus, for example, whilst we admit the deep influence exercised over the mind of Charlotte Brontë by M. Heger, we cannot go so far as to agree that "had not circumstances led her to spend some time in Brussels, the world would never have heard of her or her sister"; nor does the argument that she had reached the age of twenty-six, and not yet produced anything that will bear critical examination, prove anything. Doubtless it is true that "before John Keats had reached these years he had written his many immortal poems and had gone to the grave." But what had Shakespeare done at twenty-six years old, or Chaucer, or Thackeray? The fact is that genius is as capricious in the time of its appearance as in the circumstances which seem to produce it; and it is difficult to believe that genius so piercing in its personal utterance would have remained silent in Charlotte, but for her residence in Brussels, or, indeed, that Emily's titanic novel, whose wayward spirit is that of the tempest and the moor, owes anything to her brief sojourn in a foreign school.

It is to be regretted that the volume shows, in not a few passages, traces of too hasty composition which a more careful revision might have done much to eliminate. Thus, after being told on page 141 that "we go to Anne Brontë more readily than to Charlotte and Emily for a picture of what life was like for a governess in the forties," because of her possession of the "photographic quality," we read two pages later that "we know next to nothing of Anne's experiences as governess." And there are one or two repetitions, as where on two consecutive pages we are told in the same words that Anne and Emily were inseparable, which are all the more noticeable in a book of such admirable conciseness. Moreover, we are obliged to add that the style is not always worthy of the dignity of its subject. Loose and colloquial phrases like "There pretty well we may leave Mr. Newby," are too frequent, and we must admit that it grates upon us to be told that Branwell had an "itch" for writing; that Charlotte had a "breeze"

with Miss Wooler, or that she was "mobbed" at Thackeray's lecture, simply because flattering notice was taken of her there. Such writing should be consigned to the limbo of ephemeral journalism, and will, we trust, be removed from later editions of the book; for it seriously affects its literary quality, and is strangely incompatible with its sound scholarship and discriminating judgments. A curious slip of the pen on page 66, where we read "Anne" for "Emily," and the spelling Lochkart on page 81, might also be corrected, whilst an index, indispensable in a book of this kind, should certainly be added. It remains to say in conclusion that the admirable illustrations with which it is embellished add considerably to the interest and value of this interesting and valuable book. E. DE SELINCOURT.

LORD GRANVILLE.*

Two ways are open to the writer of a political biography; one, in which he presents only such correspondence as has not hitherto been published; the other, when he does not shrink from reprinting documents germane to the narrative, although they may have been made public already. In his "Life of Lord Granville" Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has followed the latter and better course, being unwilling "to make the reader of a biography suffer under the evils with which legislation by reference has made the student of law only too familiar in the pages of the Statute Book." In the person of the second Earl Granville—the "Mæcenas of English Liberalism," as he has been aptly named by Mr. Escott—the last of the Whigs, as we may justly term him—Lord Edmond has a good subject, and he has handled it worthily, keeping his own well-known political views well in rein and maintaining throughout a laudable spirit of detachment. This is to the greater credit of a writer who not only held office for three years as Lord Granville's Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but who still remains in active political life.

Born in the year of Waterloo, the scion of a great Whig house, it had been strange if Granville Leveson-Gower had escaped the vortex of party politics. His grandfather was that second Earl Gower upon whose adhesion to Pitt in 1783 hinged the fortunes of his country for many years to come. His father was Ambassador at St. Petersburg during the fateful years of Austerlitz, Eylau and Tilsit, and it was for him that Bellingham intended the bullet which slew the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, in the lobby of the House of Commons. Having escaped that peril, the first Lord Granville nearly fell by a nobler hand than Bellingham's, as recorded by his son in some fugitive notes about early days. In a shooting party at Wherstead, "after the Duke [of Wellington] had shot two dogs, my father received the full charge at a short distance in the face, one shot passing through his nose without touching the eye. Some were extracted, but many remained in his body during his life." Among these notes are some additions to the inexhaustible list of anecdotes about the Iron Duke.

Eton, Christ Church and the British Embassy in Paris, which his father occupied till 1841, paved an easy way into diplomacy for young Lord Leveson, who had already earned that nickname "Pussy" which stuck to him through life; but in 1837 a seat in Parliament was provided for him at Morpeth by Lord Grey. Next session, having been chosen to move the Address, the drift of the Speech from the Throne was communicated to him by Lord Melbourne, who referred him and the seconder to the heads of departments for further details.

"We were kindly received by the several 'heads'; but somehow or other the head of the Colonial Office thought it would be better for us to adhere to foreign and home affairs; the Foreign Secretary thought we had better confine ourselves to the affairs of the Home Office; while that was the only subject which the Home Secretary thought we had better avoid!"

As the narrative proceeds along the well-worn path of early Victorian politics it is lightened by many wayside flowers of anecdote. The reader's task is an easy one when both the biographer and his subject are blessed with a quiet sense of humour. But to gauge Granville's influence in public affairs and to weigh Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's estimate of his hero's rank among British statesmen, we must withstand the temptation to linger over the earlier chapters, full of agreeable gossip, and pass forward to consider his attitude in critical circumstances.

It was in 1840, I believe, though the date is nowhere to be found in these volumes, that Lord Leveson, M.P., first took office as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, his chief being Lord Palmerston, and left it with the fall of the Melbourne Ministry next year. When the Whigs returned to power in 1846, he had succeeded his father as second Earl Granville, and Lord John Russell could find no more important office for "Pussy" than the Mastership of the Buckhounds. This was rather a frost; but better was in store. In 1848 he became Vice-President of the newly-constituted Board of Trade; later in the same year (though Lord Edmond dates the promotion in 1847) he succeeded Lord Macaulay as Paymaster of the Forces, and in 1851 entered the Russell Cabinet as Foreign Minister upon the dismissal of Palmerston. In a remarkable letter, quoted in full, the Queen desired the Prime Minister to cause Granville to draw up a programme of foreign policy to be submitted for her approval. Russell did not relish the idea; nevertheless Granville prepared a long memorandum, in which the keynote was non-intervention, indicating a sharp departure from Palmerston's "jingoism," as it would be called now.

Palmerston remained personally on perfectly friendly terms with his successor; but, nursing wrath against the Ministers, he took his revenge in February, 1852, when he unhorsed them over the Militia question. We may pass lightly over the confused annals of the Aberdeen Ministry, in which Granville's chief task was to keep his colleagues together; in fact, limits of space compel us to get forward to the year 1870, when, on Lord Clarendon's death, Granville took again the seals of the Foreign Office in Mr. Gladstone's first administration. The correspondence at the outbreak of the Franco-German war shows how intensely bitter was the resentment of the Court of Berlin against England for her supposed sympathy with France.

"'The English are more hated at this moment than the French,' wrote the Crown Princess to Queen Victoria, 'and Lord Granville more than Benedetti. . . . I have fought many a battle about Lord Granville, indignant at hearing my old friend so attacked, but all parties agree in making him out *French*.'"

These letters may throw some light upon the present relations of Great Britain and Germany. The misunderstanding has never been completely dispelled, and threatens to become hereditary; the imaginary wrong still rankles, though it never was anything but imaginary; for as Lord Edmond truly says, "in England public opinion at the outset of the war had been profoundly hostile to France, universally considered as the true aggressor." But when France was beaten to her knees, there came a revulsion of feeling in her favour, and Mr. Gladstone tried to persuade his Cabinet to declare against any cession of territory. Upon this matter Granville took a more independent course than was his wont. Gladstone had not yet acquired the full measure of ascendency over his colleagues that he was soon to wield.

"Quite exhausted," wrote Granville to his wife on 30th September, 1870, "after the longest fight I ever had against Gladstone. The losses were great; the killed and wounded innumerable; but I remained in possession of the field and the Cabinet. He wanted to declare our views on the conditions of peace: I was against doing so."

So strong was Granville's dread of foreign complications that he had no hesitation at first, as leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Lords from 1874 to 1880, in backing Mr. Gladstone heart and soul in denouncing the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. Warned, however, by Lord Hartington that the transaction was being well received in the country, and that violent denunciation of it would be a tactical mistake, and advised by Mr. Goschen that, if the investment was rash commercially, it was sage politically, Granville once more, and for the last time, refused to follow his chief further. Gladstone had persuaded himself that the country was seething with indignation; he demanded the instant ejection of the Ministry; but he could not bring his forces into line of battle. It seems certain that had Granville been in office when these shares were offered to the British Government, he would have let the golden opportunity go

* "The Life of Granville George Leveson-Gower, second Earl Granville, K.G. 1815—1891." By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. 2 Vols., with Portraits. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

by. The very converse of Palmerston, his foreign policy was the reverse of intrepid. Yet there is a time when the choice lies between being bold and being flouted, and time has vindicated Disraeli's courage.

After all, although Granville's reputation must stand or fall by his conduct of foreign affairs, the chapter in his biography which readers of this generation will peruse with keenest interest deals with the events of 1885-6, when he was no longer at the Foreign Office. That phase of the Irish problem which then agitated the whole realm and rent the Liberal party from crest to heel is so far from having been laid authoritatively to rest, that every indication of the motives and process of reasoning which impelled leading public men upon their respective courses is more eagerly sought for than matters of older history. Yet so many of the principal actors in the great parliamentary drama of those years remain upon the stage, that the historian writes in fetters. How much Lord Edmond may have felt bound to withhold, cannot of course be known. One may not call his discretion in question, appreciating the frankness with which he has laid open what he felt at liberty to disclose. Lord Granville in these transactions was true to his early training in diplomacy. Staggered at the outset by the earliest indirect tidings of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, and foreseeing therein a repetition of the results of "the one huge false step on the part of Mr. Fox" in 1783, his whole energy was directed to keeping the Liberal party together. It is impossible to read his correspondence at this time without perceiving that his main apprehension was in regard to how far the supporters of Mr. Gladstone would follow him in creating a separate legislature for Ireland, rather than what the effect of such a measure would be upon the Empire. Never for a moment did he contemplate deserting his leader in his new departure; his concern was to keep him at the head of a united party. Not so Lord Hartington.

"'I agree with you,' he wrote to Lord Granville in September, 1885, 'that if we want a Liberal majority we should keep Mr. Gladstone as leader, but I have had to tell him in my letter to-day that if his opinions about Ireland are what I infer them to be, my desire for unity in the party under his leadership is subject to very serious qualifications.'"

It was not till the following month that Granville received authentic information of what was brewing. Lord Derby, after a visit at Hawarden, wrote to say that Mr. Gladstone's language upon Irish affairs "was a surprise to me. . . . He had come to the conclusion that the Union was a mistake. He did not hold the popular theory that a single executive could not co-exist with two independent legislatures (witness Norway and Sweden, Austria and Hungary). . . . This is a new departure with a vengeance."

In December inspired communications were made through certain newspapers announcing that Mr. Gladstone would take office and introduce a measure of Home Rule when Lord Salisbury's Ministry came to an end. Granville naïvely described his feelings in a letter to Lord Derby thus:—"In the utter perplexity in which I find myself, it is some consolation as regards personal vanity that nobody seems to have a clear view of what is to be done." A few weeks later, on 31st January, 1886, he wrote to Gladstone begging to be excused from taking office in the Liberal administration then being formed, but assuring him that he would take the earliest opportunity of making publicly known his entire agreement with him. In the end Granville was persuaded to take the Colonial Office, and in the brief and stormy session which followed gave evidence how completely his scruples had yielded to his imperious chief's ascendency. Speaking at the National Liberal Club in April he said:—"I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I do not support this plan merely as a sad necessity—as what the French call a *pis aller*. I believe it is good in itself." The only condition upon which he insisted—"the great bribe to me," he called it—was getting rid of the Irish members from Westminster.

Granville's career need not be followed further in this place. In summing it up, Lord Edmond certainly does not err by exaggerating its importance. A few extracts will suffice to show the drift, though it is scarcely fair to the author to withhold the entire passage.

"He was by nature a diplomatist, and he carried the qualities of the diplomatist with him into home affairs and the management of the House of Lords. Such qualities, however, are seldom accompanied by the great constructive abilities which make the legislator, and Lord Granville never pretended to aspire to the possession of the grasp which in this respect distinguished Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone. . . . If at times he seemed over-anxious to adjourn a question, it was nearly always on the principle of the French proverb—*reculer pour mieux sauter*. . . . Lord Granville may be compared to the great general of antiquity who, by his delays, was said to have saved his country. But such triumphs are not those which most easily win applause, or most effectively strike the public imagination, or receive the greatest meed of fame from the pen of the historian."

In other words, Lord Granville was a most valuable colleague, smoothing away many difficulties arising either out of the turbulent demands of the extreme section of his party or from the impetuosity of its leader. He was, besides, a very admirable example of the cultivated English gentleman, which is a rarer and more precious product than the raw article.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

DREAM CHILDREN.*

It is with an eager zest, the outcome of his previous experience, that a reader who loves poetry turns to a new volume by Mr. Alfred Noyes. Mr. Noyes is still a very young man, but it is not too much to say that by his three volumes, "The Loom of Years," "The Flower of Old Japan," and "Poems"—not to speak of his incidental work in *Blackwood's Magazine* and elsewhere—he has already established his right to a foremost place amongst the few to whom we can look, not so much to re-establish (the necessity for that has not yet arisen), as to revivify the great traditions of English poetry.

For this task Mr. Noyes has many high qualifications. His utterance is large; he speaks the authentic language of poetry. In his essence he is romantic, but his themes, however much he may decorate them, and however highly he may etherialise them, are in the main the realities of everyday experience. In other words, he can translate into the terms of emotion scenes in which any ordinary man might have borne his part, incidents that might have happened to the most prosaic, and feelings that all of us might have felt, however dimly. It is true that "The Forest of Wild Thyme," like "The Flower of Old Japan," is such stuff as dreams are made of, but then we who read them are made of that stuff, and prosaic though we now are, we have once been children dowered with imagination. The difference is that Mr. Noyes remembers and still feels vividly, while we forget that imperial palace whence we came, until the touch of some magician's wand awakens our senses and recalls the past.

Mr. Noyes, then, still retains his imagination. Music and colour are part of his very nature. His thoughts flow spontaneously into appropriate and beautiful verse, and since he has a skilful and artistic mastery of many metrical forms, he is able to express himself, not only with certainty, but with unvarying freshness. He has evidently read much, and has saturated his mind with poetry. He has something of Blake's strange power in the treatment of high and exotic themes, something, too, of the sense of mystery and impending terror which inspired Coleridge; but it must be added that he has a native strength of his own, and though he may be said to continue a tradition it is also true that he develops it with an unimpeachable originality.

"The Forest of Wild Thyme" is in substance and form another chapter of "The Flower of Old Japan." Mr. Noyes describes it on the title-page as "a tale for children under ninety," and in an Apologia addressed to his critics, he begs them to give him

> "——one more hour, just one
> Hour to hunt the fairy-gleam
> That flutters through this childish dream,"

promising them, if they will grant him this indulgence, that

> "Then I'll follow it no more;
> I'll light the lamp: I'll close the door."

For ourselves, we take leave to assure Mr. Noyes that we reject his apology as unnecessary, and that we have a hope, amounting almost to a certainty, that he will break his promise without the least compunction. The story of the poem is in itself a very simple one. Three little children overhear their parents talking of death and the life to come,

* "The Forest of Wild Thyme." By Alfred Noyes. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

and of their little brother Peterkin who has been taken from them. They are puzzled and pained, for their mother, who hopes some day to meet little Peterkin again, turns away in sadness from their father, who speaks of heaven and their mother's hopes as poor fairy-tales. Eventually, under the inspiration of their eldest brother, Dick, who, we are told, helps them afterwards—

> "To tell this tale of fairy-land
> In words we scarce can understand."

they determine to seek their little lost brother, believing that they will find him somewhere in fairy-land in the Smallest Flower :—

> "Hush! if you remember how we sailed to old Japan,
> Peterkin was with us then, our little brother Peterkin!
> Now we've lost him, so they say; I think the tall thin man
> Must have come and touched him with his curious twinkling fan,
> And taken him away again, our merry little Peterkin;
> He'll be frightened all alone; we'll find him if we can;
> Come and look for Peterkin, poor little Peterkin.
> . . . . . .
> Come, my brother pirates, I am tired of play:
> Come and look for Peterkin, little brother Peterkin,
> Our merry little comrade that the fairies took away;
> For people think we've lost him, and when we come to say
> Our good-night prayers to mother, if we pray for little Peterkin
> Her eyes are very sorrowful, she turns her head away.
> Come and look for Peterkin, merry little Peterkin."

Away they go, then, on their happy quest, and in a moment the story resolves itself into the dream-fancy of a child, and the three pass through all the scenes of a fairy-land haunted by echoes of nursery-rhymes and inhabited by those of whom nursery-rhymes sing. They themselves become infinitesimally small; all the nursery-people and their dwelling-places grow to a gigantic size :—

> "Yet around us as we went
> Through the glades of rose and blue
> Sweetness with the horror blent
> Wonder-wild in scent and hue:
> Here Aladdin's cavern yawned,
> Jewelled thick with gorgeous dyes;
> There a head of clover dawned
> Like a cloud in eastern skies."

Cockchafers are seen as gryphons; lizards appear as crocodiles; a bed of wild thyme becomes a forest, but through it all there sounds a call leading them to Peterkin :—

> "Yet again, oh, faint and far
> Came the shadow of a cry,
> Like the calling of a star
> To his brother in the sky;
> Like an echo in a cave,
> Where young mermen sound their shells,
> Like the wind across a grave
> Bright with scent of lily-bells."

They walk into the parlour of the spider :—

> "There were scarlet gleams and crimson
> In the curious foggy grey,
> Like the blood-red light that swims on
> Old canals at close of day,
> Where the smoke of some great city loops and droops in gorgeous veils
> Round the heavy purple barges' tawny sails."

After some terrible adventures they are rescued from this awful parlour by the armed array of the fairies :—

> "The great grey roof was shattered by a shower of rosy light,
> And the spider-house went floating torn and tattered through the night
> In a flight of prismy streamers as a shout went up for Peterkin;
> And lo! the glittering fairy-host stood there arrayed for fight,
> In arms of rose and green and gold to lead us on to Peterkin."

Two fairies, Pease-Blossom and Mustard-Seed, now conduct them through wonderful scenes to the Dream Fair, where the air is aflame with revelry and nursery-rhymes :—

> "And *See-Saw; Margery Daw;* we heard a rollicking shout,
> As the swing-boats hurtled over our heads to the tune of the roundabout;
> And *Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,* we heard the showmen cry,
> And *Dickory Dock, I'm as good as a clock,* we heard the swings reply.
> "This way, this way to your Heart's Desire;
> Come cast your burdens down;
> And the pauper shall mount his throne in the skies,
> And the king be rid of his crown;
> And souls that were dead shall be fed with fire
> From the fount of their ancient pain,
> And your lost love come with the light in her eyes
> Back to your heart again."

They still fare onward; their fairy guides have to leave them, and they come

> "At last to that sweet House of Grace
> Which wise men find in every place—
> The Temple of the Smallest Flower,
> . . . . . .
> But there in one great shrine apart
> Within the Temple's holiest heart,
> We came upon a blinding light
> Suddenly, and a burning throne
> Of pinnacled glory wild and white;
> We could not see Who reigned thereon.
> For, all at once, as a wood-bird sings,
> The aisles were full of great white wings,
> Row above mystic burning row;
> And through the splendour and the glow
> We saw four angels great and sweet,
> With outspread wings and folded feet,
> Come gliding down from a heaven within
> The golden heart of Paradise;
> And in their hands, with laughing eyes
> Lay little brother Peterkin."

Then they awake (they had fallen asleep on Peterkin's grave) and find their parents bending over them; they tell the tale to their father before they go to bed :—

> "Then he looked up, and mother knelt
> Beside us. Oh! her eyes were bright;
> Her arms were like a lovely belt
> All round us as we said Good-night
> To father: *he* was crying now,
> But they were happy tears somehow;
> For there we saw dear mother lay
> Her cheek against his cheek and say—
> 'Hush, let me kiss those tears away.'"

So this exquisite poem ends. To do justice to it by mere extracts is impossible, for though it changes from scene to scene with all the swiftness of a dream, it is made into a consistent whole by a gleaming thread of purpose that runs through it all. From beginning to end Mr. Noyes has charged it with magic. Through all its parts his imagination has made it sparkle with light and colour and echo with noble music. It has thought, and it has besides a tenderness so poignant in its restraint that it often touches the deep fount of tears. In future years Mr. Noyes may attack enterprises of great pith and moment in poetry, but we make bold to say that he will not easily or often surpass what he has now done in "The Forest of Wild Thyme."

R. C. LEHMANN.

"A SORT OF BENVENUTO CELLINI."*

Why Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter (in emphatic capitals), was not a genius, it would be somewhat difficult to determine. He possessed much of the equipment necessary to the character. A tremendous belief in himself, certainty as to his vocation, unwavering allegiance to an ideal, enthusiasm amounting to frenzy, pluck and perseverance—the infinite capacity for taking pains—rising to temerity and obstinacy! Nor, in these spiritual attributes, did he lack the talent for laying his foundations sound and deep. When in the first flush of youth he determined to teach his country how history should be painted, he did not begin, as others use, by daubing colours on a blank canvas, but found ecstasy in the study of anatomy. His heroes were always rich in muscle, well and accurately displayed. He was one of the first to appreciate the æsthetic and educational value of the Elgin Marbles. The fine thrill of genius was in him; the more pedestrian qualities were not absent. All he wanted was—genius.

The grotesquely tragic consequences may be read in the Memoirs and Journals—a book which two living statesmen have joined in appreciating and recommending—or in this excellent volume of "George Paston's." Haydon began well. From the beginning he wore the halo of the Man with a Mission. Under such head-gear, how could he settle down to his father's book-selling business at Plymouth? By sheer determination he wore down the opposition of family and friends and went to London to paint (literally) big things. His first great achievement was praised by Sir George Beaumont as "quite large enough for anything." Had the scale of it and its successors been less heroic, patrons with limited wall space might have been more eager to purchase. "I always filled my painting-room

* "B. R. Haydon and his Friends." By George Paston. 12s. 6d. (James Nisbet and Co.)

to its fullest extent," Haydon explains, "and had I possessed a room 400 feet long and 200 feet high and 400 feet wide, I would have ordered a canvas 399—6 long by 199—6 high." These massive conceptions, and a certain quality which was in them, impressed the age so much that Haydon was regarded as a coming man. Perhaps his highest material triumph was experienced when Piccadilly was blocked with carriages before the Egyptian Hall, where "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" was exhibited, and when Mrs. Siddons led the applause by declaring that the chief figure was "completely successful." Long before this, however, the artist had robbed himself of the possibility of material gain by falling into the hands of money-lenders. Perpetually in debt, several times in a debtor's prison, he painted and wrote, covered his huge canvases with colour and muscle, and reams of paper with fulminations against the Royal Academy—all with unfailing zest and optimism which no catastrophe could cure. On an execution being put in for taxes, Haydon made the man in possession sit for Cassandra's hand, putting on him a Persian bracelet. "When the broker came for his money he burst out laughing. There was the fellow, an old soldier, pointing in the attitude of 'Cassandra'—upright and steady, as if on guard. 'Lazarus'' head was painted just after an arrest; 'Eucles' finished from a man in possession; the beautiful face in 'Xenophon' after a morning spent in begging mercy of lawyers; and now 'Cassandra's' head was finished in an agony not to be described, and her hand completed from a broker's man." So it went on for long years, happy years for the painter, who lived exultingly on projects and grew plump in adversity, happy for him if not for the wife he adored and the children whose early deaths he was to agonise over. Nothing daunted him save the occasional dire necessity of laying aside historical painting and degenerating into a maker of portraits. Morally, if not artistically, it was a good and (considering the character of the man) not a dishonourable struggle. But a crushing blow was in store. His whole life he had been trying to persuade authority that the House of Lords, among other national buildings, should be decorated by native artists. At last, authority consented to be persuaded . . . and Haydon was denied any share in the work. A year or two longer he struggled on. Then he committed suicide with characteristic thoroughness.

So much for Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, fascinating subject for the psychologist, melancholy warning to all men of over-weening self-confidence. There remain his friends, the brilliant circle with which we renew acquaintance in "George Paston's" well-selected pages. Shelley greets us, hectic, spare, weakly, yet intellectual-looking, carving a bit of broccoli as if it had been the substantial wing of a chicken, and opening the conversation by saying in the most feminine and gentle voice, "As for that detestable religion, the Christian"—a prelude which persuades Haydon, who never began a piece of work without asking Divine help and blessing, to "gore without mercy." Sir Walter Scott mightily applauds the artist's description of Edinburgh as "the dream of a great genius," and pleases him in turn by speaking of the new President of the Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, as "an accomplished gentleman whom naebody even haird on." Hazlitt tells the story of his love—that squalid love of the *Liber Amoris*—his old, hard, weather-beaten, saturnine, metaphysical face twitching all sorts of ways. Keats appears frequently, "the only man I ever met who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling, except Wordsworth." Wordsworth declines to be convinced that a bag-wig and a sword, ruffles and buckles, and attendance at Court, are inconsistent with his character of Nature's high priest. Lord Melbourne chats good-humouredly; the Duke of Wellington hides himself behind a newspaper to escape Haydon's theories of art; Miss Elizabeth Barrett protects Haydon's most cherished possessions from the brokers, in ignorance that she is trespassing on the majesty of the law; Mrs. Siddons awes tea-parties and condescends majestically.

There remains also Haydon the man and autobiographer. Miss Mitford said he was a sort of Benvenuto Cellini. A shrewder comment could hardly be made. The great Italian and the mediocre Englishman had much in common, but chiefly this: that both were born fighters. Had Haydon enjoyed Cellini's advantage in respect of time and place, he would have ruffled it with the best, used a handy dagger on enemies, perhaps on rivals, and discovered more consolation in a steel poniard than in a quill pen. If we can imagine Cellini landed in the middle of the arid artistic desert of the early nineteenth century, we can believe he would have proved as vigorous a verbal opponent of shams and sophistries as was poor Haydon. But Cellini might have conquered where Haydon succumbed. For he had qualities which the other lacked: a rough common-sense and—genius.

Haydon's expansive paintings, which he fondly hoped would keep his memory green with posterity, are as good as lost. One is kept in a lumber-room at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Another adorns the billiard-room of a popular restaurant. The Memoirs and Journal deserve a fuller life. Meantime, "George Paston's" book forms an admirable substitute, vastly entertaining.

THOMAS LLOYD.

THE CALEDONIAN CHATTERTON.*

Was "Ossian" really great, or even good, poetry? It is involuntarily that one puts the question in the past tense, and thereby appears to provide one's own answer, since great poetry has been said to be, not for an age, but for all time, and good poetry should surely live in the world's affections for more than a century. Many contemporaries of James Macpherson vastly esteemed his "Poems of Ossian." They were proclaimed by Byron and Klopstock in most respects greater than the Iliad and the Odyssey; Lamartine placed them on a level with the best of Dante; Goethe did not hesitate—before his better judgment came to his rescue—to suggest that in them were Shakespearean qualities. The melancholy of the pseudo-Celtic bard accorded at the moment with the mood of Werther, and in a rain of tears he recited Ossian to Charlotte on the day before his suicide. It was in later years that Goethe said he must have been mad when he praised a genius so morbid. Lessing, Schiller, Novalis, and Burger, among the professionals of literature, the umpires of taste, from whom we should naturally expect good judgment, all rhapsodised over the tenebrous epics that came like a mist swirling down on the Anglo-Saxon world from the mountains of Badenoch, and Napoleon, with his well-thumbed copy carried with him on his great campaigns and to his final exile, was representative of the lay world at large, that in every civilised country sighed in unison with the winds of Selma, and indulged a delicious "frisson" over the magic pages that from winter fires in comfortable towns could bring readers in a moment to some distant glen of ghosts. Before the poems had been many years published they were translated into a dozen European languages, and not even Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, or Pope had found such a host of foreign admirers. To this day the belief that Ossian is one of the glories of English literature, a burning planet in our sky, lingers over the Continent. Yet Ossian in his own land is unread, and even The Address to the Sun (which is all that remains in the public memory) is wholly overlooked by the anthologists. Strange, disconcerting facts! They send us back to ask ourselves anew what is poetry? What is beauty? Who are the judges?

If time is the arbiter, Ossian was poor poetry, but though we say time has that office, and so shift the responsibility of judgment on what has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned, we all have a mental reservation, and tell ourselves that the effect of great poetry may possibly be secured for a generation by work that will not outlast that generation. The body dies, but the soul goes marching along, and that, doubtless, has been the case with the English poems of James Macpherson. They came forth at the psychological moment, when classic convention was dying, and Rousseau had sent the world back to Nature, and people were beginning to see that beauty and art were not the monopoly of any race or age. They held in a weltering solution of mist and tears one or two emotions long latent in the common breast—the pity that comes from the contemplation of life's brevity, the "pathetic fallacy" (which is nothing of the kind), that all Nature is animate, and has in its very rocks and vapours the same vexed spirit as our own. To the end of the eighteenth century Macpherson's work—so

* "James Macpherson: An Episode in Literature." By J. S. Smart. (David Nutt.)

new, so strange, so romantic in its origin, so almost providentially exemplifying the new theories that primitive peoples were the purest and best—was bound to appeal as naturally as Kipling's spirit of arrogant imperialism was bound to appeal to Britain before the Boer War. It was not so much poetry—so many concrete images, quotable lines, glamorous glimpses into the upper world—that Macpherson gave, but, as Hazlitt put it, a feeling. Wonderfully profound and poignant emotions are to be got sometimes from things we do not understand—from the mere arrangement of words as well as from music and the operation of wireless telegraphy, and the fact that a great deal of Ossian was incomprehensible made its attraction all the greater. The attraction is gone; the work itself is dead, but ever since, tourist and poet find a pleasing melancholy in the windy walls of Gaelic castles, and the "gloom" remains an asset in Celtic poetry and fiction.

And it was largely—mechanics. Mechanics plus a somewhat too gushing sentimental spirit bred among bad Badenoch weather. Macpherson's pretence that these English prose poems of his were all literal translations of genuine Gaelic poems that had survived orally in the Highlands for fourteen centuries, or had been rescued from Gaelic MSS. less antique, has long since been proved entirely false, and the story of his deception has never been more graphically or convincingly narrated than in Mr. Smart's "James Macpherson, An Episode in Literature." A Fingal fought and an Ossian indubitably sang, but they were not the Fingal or the Ossian presented to the English world by the ingenious man of letters from Badenoch, and, save a few belated and fanatic Celts who yet defend his bona-fides in Highland newspapers, there is left no living critic, Highland or Lowland, to contradict the shrewd old dictum of Dr. Johnson, that "he (Macpherson) had found names, and stories, and phrases, nay, passages in old songs, and with them has blended in his own compositions, and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem." Johnson was no judge of sentiment, for he hated sentiment, and for that alone Ossian would have repelled him, but he was enough of a craftsman in letters and knew every whisper of the literary spirit of his own age well enough to see at once that Ossian was modern mechanics.

There was little evidence save of a negative kind at the time to condemn Macpherson, but time has produced it in abundance. The immediate result of Macpherson's success was that other Celts, even better equipped than he for such an enterprise, went hunting through the Highlands for these wonderful peasants who preserved the original epics of Ossian at winter "ceilidh" fires. They found an Ossianic tradition, they found Ossianic songs, but vastly different from those which Macpherson had advertised. He was asked to produce the alleged Gaelic originals, assumed an attitude of haughty Highland disdain, and so long procrastinated that it was forty-five years after the first appearance of his Fingal in English, and he was dead, before the so-called Gaelic originals were given to the world. When they were published "the gaff was blown" irremediably, for it was clear to every Gaelic scholar that Macpherson—himself an indifferent writer of Gaelic— had simply translated his English into Gaelic as well as he could, with results so ludicrous that they have aroused the disdain of every Celtic scholar of our own time. "The final and most fatal test applied to Macpherson has been the examination of his vocabulary and syntax," says Mr. Smart. "It could not be expected that the language should be ancient. Even had the poems been first composed in a remote age, they could hardly have come down to us in an archaic form if their transmission depended on oral tradition alone. Each generation would have altered the language to suit itself, and the poems would have been recited at last by eighteenth century Highlanders in a diction which was comparatively modern. It would, however, have been good Gaelic, following the usages of the language and free from marked English influence. The charge brought against Macpherson's is simply that it is bad—such a dialect as might have been written at Putney by a Highlander who had long lost touch of his native idiom." Neither ancient nor modern, Scotch nor Irish, Macpherson's Gaelic in every passage gave every evidence of being the work of one who thought in English and translated therefrom into a language with the literary structure of which he was not familiar. "We may take is as fairly true," says Dr. Macbain, of Inverness, one of the most eminent and disinterested modern Celtic scholars, "that Macpherson has some error of grammar, idiom, or composition on the average in every twenty or twenty-five lines." Many of his sentences are absolutely meaningless, and there are whole passages full of error and obscurity. Macpherson, in fine, was a "faker," a Caledonian Chatterton, whose best service to the tongue of his fathers and the relics of their literature was that he sent more honest men than himself to the study of the former and the preservation of the latter.

NEIL MUNRO.

THE MIDDLE AGE INTERPRETED.*

We have as yet no real history of the literature of Europe in the fourteenth century. More has been done for the sixteenth; slowly, a picture of the debt of each land to its neighbours, and of the pattern and filiations of Renaissance literature, is defining itself. It is time for the like service to the century of Chaucer and Boccaccio, which is just as wonderful as that of Montaigne and Spenser. It is also just as hard to unravel: subtle and irregular is the frontier line between the writing of Chaucer's country tales, which are essentially of the middle age, and the other writing that is really the voice of the earlier Renaissance, dreaming on things to come. Mr. Ker well speaks of the "intimations" found in Petrarch of "vast unachieved discoveries of literature"; and there are also intimations in Petrarch of modern self-torment, and of the later passion for poetic glory, which are absent in Chaucer. This kind of contrast wants working out to the roots. The scholarly material, so far as England, France and Italy are concerned, is now tolerably full and well ordered. The texts and sources of Chaucer, Gower, and Langland, of Froissart, of Petrarch and Boccaccio are fairly laid out and available. When the right historian comes he will do honour to the labours of Mr. Skeat and Mr. Macaulay, of M. Jusserand, and of the Early English Text Society, and of Bernhard ten Brink—who in his "History of English Literature" made a most capable beginning so far as concerns our own record. But we want an ordered view of the chief European schools and masters, irrespective of nation, in the fourteenth century; we want to be shown what was their common, family inheritance of forms, ideas, sentiments, and subjects, and then to see the different quarterings added to these in the shields of the various countries, and so to approach their chief artists: a vast but essential undertaking. The essays of Mr. Ker are detached, they are not a history. But they touch this large curve at many of its critical points; they review or allude to most of the authors named above. They open perspectives backward to the tenth century and on to the sixteenth. They betoken a knowledge of the originals and of the learned apparatus, and also a sensibility to the varying values of both, that would be qualifications of a high order for such a methodised survey as I have ventured to behold in vision.

To understand the middle ages a critic must feel many styles and many points of view, even the dull ones. It is needful, but not enough, to go on the peaks and uplands of chivalrous sentiment; to know of Arcite dying in "his excellence and flower," of Troilus demanding his happiness, or of the romantic-*macabre* element in the "Decameron" Mr. Ker is alive to all this; his praise of "Troilus and Criseyde" is well said and badly needed saying.

> "No other work of Chaucer's has the same dignity or the same commanding beauty. It would be difficult to find in any language, in any of the thousand experiments of the modern schools of novelists, a story so perfectly proportioned and composed—a method of narrative so completely adequate. Of the dramatic capacities of the original plot, considering the use made of it in Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida,' there is little need to say anything. Boccaccio chose and shaped the plot of his story with absolute confidence and success: there is nothing to break the outline. The general outline is kept by Chaucer, who thus obtains for his story a plan compared with which the plan of Fielding's greatest novel is ill-devised, awkward, and irregular; while the symmetry and unity of Chaucer's story are compatible with a leisure and a profusion in the details not less than Shakespeare's, and in this case more suitably bestowed than in Shakespeare's 'Troilus.' There is nothing in the art of any narrative more beautiful than Chaucer's rendering of the uncertain, faltering, and transient moods that go to make the graceful and mutable soul of Cressida; nothing more

* "Essays on Medieval Literature." By W. P. Ker. 8vo., pp. vii. 261. 5s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

perfect in its conception and its style than his way of rendering the suspense of Troilus; the slowly rising doubt and despair keeping pace in the mind of Troilus with the equally gradual and inevitable withdrawal and alteration of love in the mind of his lady, till he comes to the end of his love-story in Cressida's weak and helpless letter of defence and deprecation" (pp. 85-6).

We would like to know, in passing, what Mr. Ker thinks of Chaucer's embarrassed appeal to his story-books when he comes to the fickleness of Cressida, which is not perhaps perfectly made ready for us. When we find Mr. Ker calling on us to notice the lovely wordcraft and songcraft of the often overlooked "Anelida," and reviewing Chaucer's prose, we incline to quote his remark that "nothing represents Chaucer except the whole body of his writings," and to ask for an essay on all Chaucer. The same power to describe imaginative charm is found in his paragraphs on Malory, which occur in the well-known preface, here reprinted, to Sir Henry Craik's "English Prose Selections." In the paper on Gower, fuller than that on Chaucer, are well brought out the colours, a little sober and faint, but clear and true, that touch the margin and capitals of Gower's long, moral love-missal, the "Confessio Amantis"; and this is done without any "attempt to find unappreciated genius." The critic lets us into the bent of his own taste when he explains how Gower's poetical style is founded on that of the French short verse.

"It is this quality of style, this perfect ease and freshness, that makes old French literature what it is—a land of rest and solace, where nothing glares, nothing dazzles or stuns the sense—where the weary reading man may escape from the thunderings and trumpetings of more vehement literary schools" (pp. 108-9).

Mr. Ker is ever on his guard against "rhetoric"; while it is still a long way off, he hears the sound of a going in the trees. Certainly a medievalist has a right to satiety in this matter, and a Renaissance student too. The prose of Berners translating ("there is nothing remarkable about this sort of English, except that it cannot be bettered") is well contrasted with his too "facundious" original prefaces; and the "Wooing of the Soul" in the "Ancren Riwle," with the later "Wooing of our Lord" and its "dissolute ostentation of sentiment." There is, of course, rhetoric and rhetoric; we are just as much on the bedrock with Sir Thomas Browne, and with de Quincey at his best, as with Gagamen and with Malory; this Mr. Ker would never deny. But in facing the prose of the dark or middle ages, the love for the literary mother-speech, nearest to life and primitively or classically simple, is a precious Ariadne's clue in the maze of unreal styles. Mr. Ker seems to feel his feet firmest when he is reading prose of the best saga type, or the report made to King Alfred of the sailor Ohthere, with "the clear northern light on his reindeer and walruses, and the northern moors and lakes." At the same time, as the essay on early English prose testifies, he can perceive and value things that are not so salient, that are not illustrious in any way. He brings out the "derivative and educational value" of the mass of our prose from the origins to Malory, prose which fares in hodden gray and is as far below "Njal's Saga" as it is above the "Tale of Melibeus"—an extreme case of Chaucer's sympathy with the platitudes as well as the brilliance of his time, if indeed it is not rather a great practical joke on Chaucer's part. The same essay makes us realise both the long struggle of our prose to wrest from verse the right of doing the work of prose, and the steady influence of the Latin syntax and ordering, to which our prose nevertheless refused to forfeit its independence.

The essays in this volume are republications, and are happily brought together, including the note on "Dante's Similes," which well shows their vital aptness in contrast with those of the lyrical and courtly fashion. The longest paper is the "Froissart," which fills a third and more of the pages, and includes an ample study of Lord Berners as well as of Froissart. Other articles came out first in the *Quarterly Review*, like the admirable "Boccaccio," and include the tribute to Gaston Paris, which it was right for an English critic to offer, and which touches with all grace on the great medievalist's labours, achievement, and rare character. "There was no display, no emphasis in his style." So much may be said of Mr. Ker's own, which, if somewhat deliberate and compressed, often also has fine traceries and tints, like a drawing by Ruskin. We like best, perhaps, the passages where the critic lets himself and his rhythms go. "To study the edifying dulness of some Middle English prose," he says, is to "acquire an invincible appetite for the glory of other countries not quite so tame, for the pride of life of the castles and gardens of Languedoc or Swabia, for the winds of the forest of Broceliande." Surely: let Mr. Ker "trille a pin" in Cambuscan's horse of brass and escort his readers thither, some day.

OLIVER ELTON.

A SAINT OF JANSENISM.*

Severe cutting down would have given this large volume a chance of being read more widely. It has a cultivated style and exhibits knowledge of the vast literature which has gathered round Port Royal. Its tone is deeply religious, of the devout Anglican sort, equally removed from elder Protestant and modern critical ways of dealing with problems as abstruse as they are unpopular. But who could afford the leisure which these four hundred pages demand, either to study or to appraise them? Jansenism never was anything but the pale reflex of the great Calvinistic tragedy; and Mother Angélique is not St. Theresa. The author evidently wishes that she had been. It is a vain hope. For the Spanish heroine wrought her splendid work of reformation upon Catholic lines, and therefore succeeded, while Angélique ran counter to certain elementary principles of the religion she was born in, and so accomplished only strife and confusion. A sombre story! Port Royal leads us into the darker recesses of the French character, veiled for most of us by a grace and lightness of speech that belong chiefly to the surface. But think of the implacable St. Cyran with his terror-striking attitude; consider Pascal, whose ghost haunted Voltaire and made the smiling old man shudder. Go through the martyr-record of poor Sister Agnès, as told in the eleventh chapter of this book. "Darkness visible!" we may say with Milton. A version of the Gospel so forbidding that, in comparison, the plenary indulgence given by *les philosophes* to human frailties would seem not altogether diabolic. The last touch of irony is added when critics argue from brilliant satires like the "Provincial Letters" and "Tartuffe" that Port Royal may claim for its own productions men of genius such as Pascal or Molière. What it could produce this painful introspective chronicle shows. To the real Jansenist literature and civilisation were so tainted with evil that he fled from them into the wilderness. He had even a suspicion of "good works," and let them alone whenever it was possible. The logic to which he ruthlessly bound himself made straight for Quietism, or as we now say, Nirvana. So much, wittingly or unwittingly, the present writer brings out beyond mistake.

But she would have been well advised, before trusting the Jansenist account of the other side, had she consulted a living Jesuit. She recognises, being a High Anglican, that St. Cyran, as well as his disciple Arnauld, would have thrown out of working order the sacramental system on which all Catholic piety is nourished. But she accepts without question the really amazing idea that there were clergy who taught people to receive the Sacraments though not repenting of their misdeeds, and that such was the orthodox belief. How singular a transposition of historical facts! Was it the Council of Trent, or was it Luther, that held a doctrine of justification by faith without works, before works, and in spite of works? There is no need to pursue the enquiry just now. But on this head, as on many others, it would be well to learn from those who teach and practise a system what it is that they do. Repentance is the necessary prelude to all profitable reception of ordinances in the Roman Church. Had St. Cyran merely protested against abuses he might have suffered at the hands of Richelieu, but he would never have come down to posterity among the heresiarchs.

We have not found here much narrative to light up a collection of extracts from correspondence, and certainly not one pictured page. Two things, neither of them easy, were wanted to give the volume a lasting value. It should have set out in sharp lines the contrast between Jansenist and Catholic views on the matters in dispute, which it has not done. And it was bound in fairness to judge Port Royal

* "Angélique of Port Royal. By A. K. H. (London: Skeffington.)

not as if an independent religious centre, but as a convent subject to all the rules of Catholic tradition. If Mother Angélique did not know how to submit her conscience to the Holy See, what does this amount to except that she put herself outside the pale? Sad and regrettable in every point of view, no doubt; but is there not also something grotesque in these nuns of Port Royal taking the word of their dead director, St. Cyran, against the decision laid upon them by what they admitted to be supreme authority? The ways of any French Government in dealing with convents, under Louis XIV. or M. Combes, are open to criticism. Yet, if St. Cyran was in the right, all the Roman condemnations of Luther and Calvin would have been plainly in the wrong. How could Rome admit such a thing?

WILLIAM BARRY.

HENRIETTA MARIA.*

A husband religious by temperament, but whose character was marred by a fatal and irresolute pertinacity; a queen, foreign in birth, blood and tastes, frivolous, obstinate, and indiscreet, who from the moment she set foot on English soil made herself the leader of an unpopular party and the cabals of an intriguing Court, commonly regarded as the chief supporter of an administration as weak as it was tyrannous, as the opponent of the national and capable leaders, as in league with the traditional enemies of England—in a word, the evil genius of her husband—are we not apparently reading in these sentences the verdict of history on Henrietta Maria? As a matter of fact, the verdict in question is that which has been passed by weighty authorities on Margaret of Anjou, the queen of the unfortunate Henry VI. But it is certainly striking that so many counts in the indictment against the one queen can so easily be preferred against the other, and even if we push the parallel further, the resemblance between the careers of these two royal women continues to be singularly close. Both were French, both became identified with all that the nation hated, both were regarded as responsible for the worst evils that befell the crown, both lived through a period of remorseless civil war, and saw their husbands lose their thrones, and their dynasty expelled and dishonoured; both were loyal and devoted mothers of indomitable will, courage, and self-sacrifice, loving and loved by their husbands, and for both the greater part of life was little better than a tragedy long drawn out. With Marie Antoinette of France, Margaret of Anjou and Henrietta Maria of Bourbon have passed into popular tradition with the common title of "la reine malheureuse." Is the verdict just? Miss Taylor's two volumes are a new and reasoned examination of the case for and against the queen of Charles I. It is, perhaps, somewhat surprising, considering the tons of ink spent during two centuries in denouncing or defending the Stuarts, that Henrietta Maria herself has attracted so little individual attention. Lives of her, good and bad, can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. Miss Taylor, therefore, has a double advantage—the field is wonderfully clear; the subject, an unfortunate woman and queen. And apart from the remarkable work that has been done on the seventeenth century since Miss Strickland wrote, the Comte de Baillon and M. Ferrero in particular have by their researches enabled other workers to combine a more exact knowledge of the queen and woman, with the results of the great historians like Gardiner. But there are two obvious difficulties. Is it possible to write the biography of such a queen in such an age, without sacrificing the biography to the general history, or sacrificing the general history to the biography? At any rate, between 1625 and 1649, the life of Henrietta Maria is inextricably bound up with the whole history of England, and what a history that is, we all know. And even if this difficulty be overcome, is it really possible to disentangle the queen's share in policy, to measure precisely the exact amount of her influence, or to determine as justice requires the exact amount of her responsibility? Take one crucial example. From the impeachment of Strafford to the failure of the attempt on the five members, the web of intrigues and counter-intrigues, at Court, at Westminster, and in the City, of plans, schemes, resolves, hatched, begun, dropped, is indescribably complicated and obscure. Was the queen the real centre of the party of reaction in despair? Did she try to save Strafford? Did she really plan the abortive arrest, and then by her mad indiscretion ruin her own plan? Now, the difficulty here does not simply arise out of the historical material at the researcher's disposal. It is at bottom psychological, and rests on the eternal problems of human relations. In the life of a devoted husband and wife, who will be so bold as to pronounce with confidence that this comes from the man and that from the woman?

It is only fair to say that Miss Taylor frankly recognises these difficulties, and has done her best to overcome them. She desires to do her heroine—a phrase, by the way, she never employs—justice, but she is an inquirer and a judge rather than an advocate, one who is almost too severe on the disadvantages the queen owed to her sex. Miss Taylor has studied the authorities carefully and with discrimination, and has endeavoured, so far as I can judge, to find and state the truth. The book, therefore, enhanced by its copious illustrations from contemporary portraits, is a welcome contribution to a better knowledge of an attractive and important historical figure. It is not, I fear, an ideal nor a final biography; perhaps the subject is partly responsible for that, for though Miss Taylor writes with great directness and commendable simplicity, which make her pages easy and pleasant reading, she has, I think, failed to impart to them just that combination of literary skill with vivid vision which historical biography of the first order requires. There is also too much self-restraint in the avoidance of the picturesque, of the colour in the background without whose discreet and skilful use no portrait can live. Would historical truth have suffered had the ample opportunities for such been more fully utilised? Could any critic reasonably have complained had the writer here and there "let herself go" a little more? Take, for example, the Court at Oxford in the civil wars. The material for a picture of the Queen's life and her surroundings in the University is temptingly plentiful. It is a pity that here as elsewhere the biographer has too sternly passed by with averted eyes, and thereby missed what would have been very helpful in the final estimate. It is regrettable also that, throughout, the original authorities are quoted without page references. True, we are given a general list in an appendix of authorities consulted, which would have been still more useful had the particulars of each been more fully given, but in the text of the two volumes the footnotes do not number more than a dozen. Miss Taylor is well aware that the value of a statement turns practically on two factors, the person who made it, and the date at which it was made. The general reader, we are often told, is frightened by footnotes, but I doubt it. In any case the serious reader—and this is a serious book—is entitled to know upon what authority a conclusion is based, and where, if necessary, it can be tested. It is not a little hard on those who wish to examine disputed points to be obliged to identify for themselves the authorship and date of many of the quotations in the text. Take, for example, Pepys' opinion as to the alleged marriage with Jermyn. To have inserted "2, 398, 434 (1662)" at the foot of the page, would have been easy, and would have saved one reader at least half an hour. Miss Taylor, therefore, will be well advised in a second edition to annotate carefully throughout. A few inconsistencies in spelling might, at the same time, be corrected. The text, for example, gives Cosin, the portrait Cosins; the text gives Trémoille, the two portraits Trémouille; and there are others of a like character.

Miss Taylor discusses at length the disputed question of Henrietta Maria's alleged secret marriage to Henry Jermyn, and practically leaves it as Pepys puts it, "How true, God knows." But there are really two questions—was the queen ever secretly married to Lord St. Albans? and was he her lover, even if never married to her? Obviously a negative to the first is not a negative to the second. Certainly, as regards the marriage, the evidence is inconclusive, scanty and suspicious; and, following Gardiner, we may unhesitatingly reject the conclusion that prior to 1649 the queen had been unfaithful to her husband. But after that date the evidence almost points cumulatively to a presumption that between herself and this life-long friend there did exist "a special relationship." Disagreeable as the whole problem is, some answer is essential if we are to judge the Queen fairly.

On the general verdict, Miss Taylor's book does not

* "The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria." By J. A. Taylor. 2 vols.; 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

substantially weaken the most important counts in the Queen's indictment. The coarse and virulent abuse of Puritan pamphlets, the venomous gossip of feminine enemies can be safely disregarded. But queens cannot be judged by the same canons of conduct as ordinary women. If their position bestows peculiar privileges, it also imposes duties and opportunities for the exercise and use of which they must be held responsible. Miss Taylor rightly pleads in extenuation the Queen's courage, her charm, and her wit, her simple and unaffected religious faith, her devotion as a wife and as a mother, her loyalty to her friends. These qualities, attractive in any woman, lose none of their grace and worth in such a queen as Henrietta Maria was. But the biographer admits that they were marred by a marvellously indiscreet tongue, a love of pleasure and frivolity, a passionate self-will, a blind obstinacy, and a reckless disregard of public opinion. Brought a young girl to England from a land unpopular with her subjects, from a Court and a mother ignorant of the duty of training, a pleasure-loving child to take her place in a world of warring creeds and ideals, devoted to a religion and a Church feared and detested by four Englishmen out of five, married to a husband who only later learned to love her, and who had inherited political problems requiring above all good-faith and statesmanship—the very qualities that he most conspicuously lacked—Henrietta Maria had indeed a difficult, perhaps for a French woman an impossible, part to play. Looking back calmly now, we can see that her failure was primarily due to intellectual rather than moral failings—in a word, to a fatal lack of judgment. She never understood England—that is intelligible. But she never understood even her own cause. The royalism of a Laud, of a Falkland, of a Strafford, of a Hyde was a sealed book to the Queen. Even the royalism of a Weston she misinterpreted and thwarted, and the greatness of the greatest of the men who perished for their master was beyond her sympathy and grasp, or she learned its meaning and worth too late. But a Jermyn, a Goring, a Holland—these were the men she understood, whom she made her friends and advisers. "A wife," she remarked before her marriage, "ought to have no will but that of her husband." She was responsible, says Gardiner, "for the long course of intrigue for foreign aid, which did more than anything else to bring the King to the block," which is a terrible, if just, commentary on that impossible maxim. Pass from the frontispiece portrait to vol. i.—the charming girl in the heyday of her irresponsible gaiety—to the frontispiece to vol. ii.—a haggard and broken woman looking out into a hopeless world with the tragic eyes of failure—and is it not an anticipation of the contrast between the Dauphiness "soft-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn," and the grey queen on her way to the guillotine? For the woman, in each case, the voice of criticism is hushed, but there is and must remain the queen, and on her Miss Taylor correctly states the sum of the matter, "Circumstances caused her blunders to take on the complexion of crimes."

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

ROSEGGER'S MASTERPIECE.*

"The difficult path which leads to the gardens where the waters of life sparkle takes us first to a big city in which the hearts of men pulsate with feverish unrest." The contrast between the fever of the city—the "world poison," as Rosegger called it in an earlier romance—and the gardens of the water of life is the contrast between the prologue and the drama of "I.N.R.I." The drama is the "Story of the Cross," but the prologue is essential to understand the spirit in which the romancist has reproduced that story.

He takes us to the cell of a young Austrian carpenter condemned to death for an attempted assassination forced upon his bewildered brain by the lot of an anarchist committee. A mother's boy, who had dreams of freeing mankind, of being a saviour and risking his life, he could not look the terror of the scaffold in the face. The visiting monk gave him tracts and edifying reading, but he dreamt of his mother, "with her pale face and soft wrinkles and kind eyes," who "told him tales of the Saviour. He listened to her and was a happy child." Work to escape his thoughts was refused him, but he might write down those thoughts, said the gaoler, who expected an excuse or a confession. Gradually his dreams became clearer, and a light shone in on him:—

"He would sink himself in Jesus, in whom everything was united that had formed and must form his happiness—his mother, his innocent childhood, his joy in God, his repose and hope, his immortal life. . . . He would write a book about Jesus . . . he would represent the Lord as He lived, he would inweave his whole soul with the being of his Saviour, so that he might have a friend in the cell. . . . The condemned man began to write a book in so far as it was possible to him—his cheeks began to glow and his eyes to shine, for he wandered with Jesus in Galilee. . . . If it was not always the historical Jesus as Saviour, it was the Saviour in whom men believed become historical."

That is Rosegger's prologue for his life of Jesus, and it is presumably to be understood as a parable of the last hope of man confused by philosophies and turning away in despair from dogmas, to whom the Evangel is glad tidings. The boldness of the poet and novelist in undertaking such a task reminds us of earlier stages of our literature, of the subjects of mythology and the writings of the monastery, and suggests rather the discretion allowed to the sister art of the brush in the middle ages and even later, than the tendency to deny the application of fancy to what is nowadays confined to homily, controversy, or exegesis. If Rosegger has justified his audacity, it is because of the skill he has shown in adapting his style to the subject. Where the narrative is complete, he adopts it; where it ceases to be purely narrative, he condenses and reshapes it; where the thread seems to drop, he picks it up; and all just as the childlike mind of the prisoner is made to recall the teachings of his mother and his recollections of the New Testament, which the careful monk denied him until he should have been prepared for it by a devotional *Gradus*. Rosegger does not go beyond the privileges of the pulpit, but he has all the advantages of the poet and the assured touch of a story-teller from his birth. Thus, for instance, he weaves the lives of the two thieves and of Mary Magdalene into a whole with every stage of his work, and he elaborates the humanity of Christ without the faintest suspicion of the reproach of rationalism.

A brief example will indicate the style; it is Jesus' last visit to Nazareth:

"He sat down on a stone, leaned his head on his hand, and looked thoughtfully out over the country. . . . A woman came toiling over the stones. It was His mother. She had heard how He had come down from the mountains with His disciples, and thought she would go through the ravine. Now she stood before Him. Her face, grown thin with grief, was in the shade, since to protect herself from the sun she had thrown her long upper garment over her head. . . . She advanced a step nearer, and as if nothing had ever separated them, said: 'Your house is quite near, my child. Why rest here in such discomfort?'

"He looked at her calmly. Then He answered: 'Woman, I would be alone.'

"She gently answered: 'I am quite alone now in the house.'

"'Where are our relations?'

"'They wished to fetch you home, and have been away for weeks in search of you.'

"Jesus pointed with a motion of His hand to His sleeping disciples: 'They did not seek Me for weeks, they found Me the first day.'

"As if she wished to prevent Him complaining again that His kinsmen did not understand Him, His mother said: 'People have long been annoyed that work was no longer done in our workshop, and so they go to a new one which has been set up in our street.'

"'Where is Aaron, the apprentice?'

"She replied: 'It is not surprising that no one will stay if the children of the house depart.' . . .

"Jesus looked at her. And when her whole body shook with sobs, He rose and went to her. He took her head in both His hands and drew it towards Him.

"'Mother! mother!—mother!' His voice was dull and broken: 'You think I do not love you. I am sometimes obliged to be thus harsh, for everything is against Me, even My own kith and kin. But I must fulfil the will of the Heavenly Father. Dry your tears; see, I love you, more than any human heart can understand. Because the mother suffers double what the child suffers, so is your pain greater than that of Him who must sacrifice Himself for many.'"

It is in this spirit that Rosegger makes the prisoner write the Saviour's story. "He had been in the stable at Bethlehem, he had wandered by the Lake of Gennesaret, and spent nights in the wilderness of Judæa. He had journeyed to Sidon and across the mountains to Jerusalem.

* "I.N.R.I.: A Prisoner's Story of the Cross." By Peter Rosegger. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

He, a prisoner in gaol and sentenced to death, had stood on the Mount of Olives, he had been in Bethany and supped at Jesus' side. . . . Had he not lived through that glorious death at Golgotha?" Even the monk admits the living value of the narrative. The prisoner wrote on the top the legend of the Cross, and the monk went home to ponder a title. On the day that reprieve was to come if at all, the monk re-entered the cell exclaiming in his pride as literary colleague, "Glad tidings." "Life—to live again!" cried the prisoner. "Yes," the monk continued, "we will call the book 'Glad tidings of a poor sinner.'" If there be a trace of bitterness in the author's view of the church as reflected in the shock of hope thus rudely broken to the condemned man, he disarms our resentment by making the frail thread of life snap before the gaoler brings the final verdict. In death the criminal is pardoned. That makes the prologue of a part with the main drama, and is a fitting instance of the merely literary cunning of the Austrian writer, excellently reproduced in the English translation. There may be conflicting views of other aspects of the work, but it is impossible to deny it the merits of a sympathetic and reverent and truly artistic imagination.

LIFE IN INDIA.*

This book is written entirely from an Anglo-Indian standpoint, and purposely so; therefore the title is somewhat misleading. The reader might expect to find curious native byways opened up, superstitions probed to their foundations, the inmost existence of the real child of our great foster-mother India analysed and exposed. Instead he will meet with the personal experiences and impressions of a Government engineer in India described, or rather narrated, with a precision of style that is somewhat old-fashioned, and that rather recalls the instructive story-book of our childhood's days.

Mr. Newcombe "begins from the beginning." He relates the incidents of his first voyage in 1874, when he journeyed to India as one of the first batch of young engineers sent out to the East from Cooper's Hill—the Royal Indian Engineering College; and he carefully conducts us step by step to the last year of his service through the Punjab, the North-West Provinces, Madras, Hyderabad, and Assam. He tells us of his leave to "the hills," of his trip to Beluchistan, his camps, his marches, his work. He gives us little histories of all the places he visited, he tells quaint anecdotes of his servants and subordinates. A vast amount of detailed information has been collected, and he writes his book (or, as he modestly puts it in his preface, has "arranged his notes") with the excellent object of placing a true picture of India, such as he found it, before those of his countrymen who know it imperfectly or not at all, and in the hope of giving interest to those who know it well.

During his service the author was fortunate in seeing so much, while on duty, of a country where the English official is usually province-bound, and has few opportunities of moving beyond his own radius of authority. Mr. Newcombe has made the most of his chances, he displays genuine appreciation of all he saw, from palaces of princes down to lizards on the wall, and his powers of observation seem remarkable. The latter part of the book being more concerned with places, people, and larger questions, and less with comparatively trivial personal experiences, is of greater interest and value than the first; and the chapters on famine and irrigation works might well be studied with advantage by those gentlemen mentioned on page 414, who "tell us that it would be better for India if there were no English there; that we are robbing the natives; and that the British system is the cause of much poverty." Incidentally, his description of the free feast during the famine of 1897 which was given to the poor on Queen Victoria's Jubilee should not be missed. Its very simplicity of wording makes it the more impressive and convincing.

There is little of glamour or romance about this book; nothing to arouse nostalgia for the East in the heart of the retired Anglo-Indian. The engineering mind is notoriously practical and unimaginative, and Mr. Newcombe does not profess to give us more than a careful record of facts, both trifling and important, which makes pleasant, if not very exciting reading. There is only one passage which seems hardly consistent with his usual regard to accuracy in detail, and perhaps on this occasion his evident predilection for a vegetarian diet may have influenced his judgment. He is on the well-worn subject of the Indian fowl:—"Shortly before dinner, especially when it has to be got ready at short notice for a traveller just arrived at a Government rest-house (called a 'dak-bungalow'), there is a hurried chase round the house by one of the servants after the fowls. When one is caught it has to be hastily killed, plucked, and cooked or curried. When using one of these bungalows myself I noticed an Englishman at dinner eating part of a fowl that had been running about the compound less than an hour before, and the white filaments of the nerves and tendons could be seen working backwards and forwards, and the ends curling up with the life apparently still in them" (!).

Mr. Newcombe makes no pretence of being a sportsman. He says that "unfortunately—or was it fortunately?"—he missed his only opportunity of bagging a tiger. He was not in India in search of adventure, and what thrilling experiences he did encounter—such as being bitten by a snake, losing his way in the jungle, an earthquake, and a forest fire—are narrated without emotion.

There are some amusing little stories in the book, much useful information and advice, and much that would have been more useful thirty years ago, for "Anglo-India" has changed, even in the last few years, with startling rapidity, while "India" fundamentally is still where she was two thousand years ago.

The chapter on horses and dogs as companions in India might have been omitted without detriment to the book. It reads like the letter of an elderly maiden aunt to her youngest niece, and is quite unequal to the rest of the work; for Mr. Newcombe undoubtedly possesses knowledge and judgment, a sense of proportion and fair play, and a praiseworthy sympathy with his brown as well as his white brother which all who are interested in the East will be quick to acknowledge and appreciate.

ALICE PERRIN.

* "Village, Town, and Jungle Life in India." By A. C. Newcombe. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

"NAPOLEON II."*

There are two ways of regarding human life; one may consider it as a part of destiny, or as a result of action. Everyone is conscious of having regarded his own life from one of these two aspects, and of having seen it now as a thing directed from without, and now from within. But it is in history, and in the regarding of large spaces of time that the irony of the contrast is strongest; an excellent example of that contrast is the way in which people talk at one time of a "tendency," and yet at another, discuss what might have happened had some trivial action gone other than it did.

Of this contrast perhaps the chief and certainly the most striking instance is the life of Napoleon and the life of his son. Up to Moscow Napoleon had determined every step in his career, and though no man more strongly felt the bond of necessity, or was more careful to consult every sort of oracle, yet the whole career was one of individual will. With the Duke of Reichstadt the effort of the will was ever present during his very brief anaemic youth, but all result was necessarily barred from him. He felt destiny, action was impossible to him, and therefore he died.

The monograph before us is the only work upon the subject in the English language which can be said to have any historical value.

It is, of course, a translation, and it is always interesting, when the translation of an historical work is presented for review, to consider first how far the book has been successfully presented in its new dress.

Translation has of late years been shamefully treated. It is technically the most difficult of literary work; its organic quality requires at once a considerable knowledge of the language *out of* which the translation is made, and a complete mastery of the language *into* which it is made. Yet the greater part of our translations, even of our historical translations, are either what is called "literal" (which is no

* "The Duke of Reichstadt." Compiled from new sources of information by Edward de Wertheimer. With numerous illustrations. Authorised English Translation. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

translation at all), or else an attempt to put into English, idioms which no Englishman would ever use. There are even "bureaus" where this kind of thing is done, and where Anatole France's prose is put into English at very much the same rate per hour as is paid to an expert wall-painter. It is in the essence of good translation that it should read as though it had been written in the English tongue, and as though the translator had not suffered the slightest bewilderment by his constant reference to a foreign language. Judged by this standard, the translation before us is successful. It does, indeed, betray upon almost every page the fact that there was a German original, but it does not do so offensively, and compared with the translation of Monsieur de Nolhac's Marie Antoinette, or the more recent translation of the first v lume of M. Hanotaux, it is perfectly satisfactory.

The work itself is remarkable especially for accuracy and for volume, and to this may be added that anyone writing under the conditions enjoyed by the author, had exceptional advantages. It may be said with truth that one half of the history of France between 1757 and 1832 can only be written at Vienna, and the study and publication of the Viennese archives has this further interest, that they still contain much that is unknown, and that, unlike those of Madrid, only scholars or trained officials have hitherto dealt with them. They have therefore given us in the last generation, from the famous work of Arneth down to this volume, a series of really valuable monographs and editions.

Although the style does not attempt vividness, the advantage of such a scholarship is apparent throughout the work. For example, the portrait of Neipperg upon page 120 will make many people understand for the first time the influence which he acquired over Marie Louise. It will not, perhaps, explain how a daughter of the Hapsburgs and a woman who had been Napoleon's could openly take a lover of lower rank within a few years of her disasters; nothing could explain that but a knowledge of Marie Louise herself, and an acquaintance with her long, foolish, ill-governed face; but that Neipperg should have been the one out of many, this book enables us to understand.

So again, with the details of that somewhat repulsive character of Marie Louise herself, the book is extraordinarily useful. The perpetual tawdry commonplaces of her correspondence, and the sort of "lowness" which seems fatally attached to monarchy, remain clear in the midst of so many quotations. Napoleon, dying, had desired that his heart should be taken to Parma; she refused to receive it, and it is on this account that it reposes in Paris to-day.

The larger lines remain much the same as history has already established them, and that supreme comedy in which we see all the princes of Europe and their diplomats re-establishing the old régime (and themselves) after Leipsig, and then again after Waterloo, comes out in these pages very brilliantly and sharply. It is perhaps the most astonishing of all contemporary phenomena, that with an example like that before our eyes, an example which our fathers actually saw, and concerning which men whom we can remember have spoken as eye-witnesses, we should indulge as we do in prophecy. To any man who tells us what the British Empire, or Europe, or economic society will be in fifty years (and every journalist tells us something about it every day), the single name of Metternich should be enough to impose silence. Or again, consider Wellington moving heaven and earth to prevent Napoleon's son from acquiring the nominal kingship of an Italian principality, the very name of which the present generation has forgotten!

It would be well to close this rapid notice of a unique and most valuable monograph by remarking that in the first place, considerable new matter has been added, and even one or two new drawings, notably that charming sketch of the little boy as an Austrian sergeant, which is to be seen opposite page 380, and in the second place, to put before the reader an example of the care with which the whole book has been put together.

Here are a dozen lines from page 409, describing the beginning of the last illness:—

"He started to go home on foot, but his strength failed him, and he fell in the public street. The immediate consequences of this foolish escapade were a violent fever and cough. As may be imagined, these symptoms caused great anxiety. On the evening of April 14, Maltatti held a consultation with the doctors Wirer and Raimann. The next morning all three physicians visited the Prince. From this consultation Malfatti drew some hopes of the invalid's recovery, and wished to send him to the Baths of Ischl as soon as the favourable time of the year should arrive. He sent to Marie Louise the highly comforting news that he would guarantee the complete recovery of her child."

In this brief excerpt there are no less than five references to three of the numerous authorities upon which the work is built up, notably Prokesch.

Finally, if the reader desire an example of all the qualities of the book, its scholarship, its heaviness, its minute accuracies, its occasional additions of new facts, some of them of importance, and at the same time desire to appreciate how far the translation has been successful, he cannot do better than glance at the following passage describing the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, pp. 418-419. It is perhaps the most characteristic in the book.

"Malfatti now began to observe that after a violent bout of coughing and expectoration the pulse became very weak. In case the oppression should return, he ordered fomentations and blisters. At ten o'clock, as though his vitality had rallied, the Duke asked Baron Moll if his carriage was ready for the journey to Naples, and was almost angry when the latter replied that Koller, the coachbuilder, would have to mend the vehicle. But the difficulty with which he spoke and the long pauses between the words were symptoms that the end was near. As Moll did not actually expect the final catastrophe would occur before the following day, at midnight he retired to the next room with the idea of taking a few hours' rest. In the absence of his mother, who was asleep, and of Moll, who was worn out, the patient was left alone with the valet Lambert. At about 4 a.m. (July 22nd) Lambert awoke Moll with the news that the Duke was at his last gasp. The Baron hastened to the sick-room in time to catch the words, 'I am sinking! I am sinking!' They then raised the Prince, and the sudden movement seemed to relieve the suffocation, which returned, however, with renewed violence. In a weary and broken voice he cried: 'Call my mother! Call my mother! Clear the table; I want nothing more!' This cry for his mother reverberates in our ears; a cry which will never be silenced; it affects us like a reproachful warning, like a bitter, poignant accusation. All the world stood by his cradle—his death-bed was deserted even by his own mother. In the poorest hovel there could be no lonelier passing away!"

H. BELLOC.

ANDREW MARVELL.*

The name of Marvell "sounds sweet and has a fine relish for the ear." Mr. Birrell, whose own name ends with the selfsame three letters and the same vowel sound, sets out gallantly to justify this proposition. Charles Lamb, if we remember rightly, contended that both Drayton and Marvell had a more caressing and enticing sound to him than even the name of Shakespeare; but this was one of the paradoxes which Hazlitt reproved as of the "Occult School"—*verè adepti*. The interpretation of a "relish" is a task which has its risks and its perils, but what will not so clever a writer as Mr. Birrell succeed in accomplishing? He writes admirably and evenly. It is always a pleasure to follow the measured tread of his periods, and the leaps and somersaults of wit by which he sportively diversifies them, and which prove conclusively that he has the back trick as well as any man in Illyria. When there is nothing particular to say about Marvell as a man of letters, he has abundant material at hand—the loose change of wit—always ready wherewith to entertain us. A carping critic might apply to a book of seventy-five thousand words upon Marvell what the "Great Cham" said of Goldsmith's "Life of Parnell," that the only thing it lacked was material. The better demonstration does it afford of what may be done by sitting down doggedly to a thing, and no one can accuse Mr. Birrell of being deficient in the bow-wow manner. We will confess that we read through the book once without getting any very clear idea of Marvell as a man at all, but thinking that after the manner of Foote he might have jumped over our head and eluded us unawares, we commenced again, and read a good part of it a second time, but with little better success. He is a sly fellow, this Marvell, and when you think you have got him in a corner he is gone again. Nor do we like the look of him altogether as revealed in the frontispiece to Mr. Aitken's edition of the "Poems"—there is surely something too much of the Puritan in lovelocks, or

* "English Men of Letters." Andrew Marvell. By Augustine Birrell. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

the square-toed Cavalier about his physiognomy. Or can the suggestion of duplicity be merely an inference from the fact that the same skilful pen inscribed a poem that drew tears from the eyes of devout believers in the Royal Martyr of Blessed Memory, served Cromwell diligently as secretary, wrote a cool letter to his constituents describing the digging up of his "carkass" to be "hanged up for a while," and secretly elaborated the grossest libels against Charles II., a swarth man above two yards high, but not quite so egregiously black as he is commonly represented. There is much to entertain us concerning Marvell as an adroit pamphleteer, a mordant satirist of the high and dry churchmen and courtiers, as sub-secretary in Milton's room, and as a hard-working M.P. for Hull, who indited a news-letter to his constituents and drew his 6s. 8d. per day as wages, in addition to occasional largesse of salmon and hogsheads of ale.

There is a great deal in substantiation of the share that Marvell had in all these activities as well as in the capacity of Lord Carlisle's secretary in his embassy to Moscow in 1664, when he took part in a Gargantuan dinner which lasted from two o'clock until eleven, when it was prematurely ended by the Czar's nose beginning to bleed. His claim to literary remembrance lies in quite another direction. It seems to us to be practically concentrated in the circumstance that he wrote a few lyrics of a peculiar charm; or, as Mr. Birrell puts it succinctly, "in the whole compass of our poetry there is nothing quite like Marvell's love of gardens and woods, of meads and rivers and birds," in confirmation of which he quotes the most delightful verses commencing

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curb me about, you gadding vines."

We should like, we will admit, to have had the comparative position of Marvell made a little more plain. Garden poetry was not exactly a new thing in his day. Mr. Sieveking's book in "Praise of Gardens" is an almost exclusively prose selection, but it would be an interesting task to trace garden-verse-craft to a source higher up. The lilt of Marvell's octosyllabic verse has so much in common with Carew's, and Waller's, and Denham's and Cowley's (all of it preserving in a large measure the accents of the old Elizabethan songsters), that one cannot help wondering whether the distinctiveness of Marvell's "niche" has not been a little overrated. It is true that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" goes to rather an extreme (in an otherwise excellent article) in omitting all mention of Marvell's lyrics whatsoever. But the rare felicities of Marvell in such poems as "Bermudas" and "To his Coy Mistress" strike one as the result rather of fortunate craftsmanship and conscious imitation than of the inspiration of genius. The same might be applied to Carew, Waller, or Suckling, but not to Herrick, Crashaw, or Herbert. Mr. Birrell has carefully recorded Marvell's triumphal entry into the sacred enclosures of the anthologists, but he has done little to indicate the intimate influence which Marvell exercised over the poetry of Charles Lamb, a subject which has been touched upon with discernment by M. Derocquigny in his "Charles Lamb, Sa Vie et ses Oeuvres." The prose style of Marvell is commended by Mr. Birrell as that of an honest man who has something to say. This will please the historian of Charles II., to whom the name of Marvell already has a grateful sound, but it will scarcely excite the general reader.

The admission of a man of Marvell's stature into the company of the "English Men of Letters" seems to indicate more plainly than any previous admission the progressive lowering of the standard. Inclusion in the series can no longer be regarded as a criterion of a great English author. Suggestions appear to be by way of being "fired in" almost at haphazard. Marvell might well be succeeded by George Gascoigne or John Gay, or—why not?—Ambrose Philips, who wrote some charming octosyllabics. We should hesitate to contradict a rumour that a biographer had been found for the gifted authoress of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." The smallness of a shrimp or a sprat is only enhanced when it is inserted in a tank designed to accommodate a royal sturgeon. The style is thus maintained while the standard is diminished, and as it seems to us rather prematurely, for there are some deep-sea fishes that have not as yet been exhibited at all—to mention but three: Ben Jonson, Tobias Smollett, and William Blake. All these have affected the course of English literature far more than most of the names included in the new additions to this once exceptionally homogeneous series.

Mr. Birrell's monograph will, we think, appeal more wooingly to the seventeenth century student than to the general reader. With library lore and with historico-biographical research it is replete to an extent foreign to most of its recent associates; that it is full of *obiter dicta* every familiar reader of Mr. Birrell may rest confidently assured. Particularly interesting to us is Mr. Birrell's theory that "the best argument for a married clergy is to be found in the sixty-seven volumes of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' . . . England without the sons of her clergy would be shorn of half her glory." The events of the last fortnight afford an opportune corroboration of this theory; but one is also reminded of Dr. Johnson's view that the best security for a poor parson was the possession of an orchard, wherewith he could bring up a family "very reputably" on "apple dumplins." Coleridge, the son of a poor parson, was an enthusiast for these cates. George III. began eating them too late in life. But here is a clue which might evidently be followed up with advantage by some of our social and educational philosophers. In the cable of educational reform which "Kappa" and Mr. Wells are so skilfully forging an important link may be supplied by the peptic apple dumpling.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

"MR. LION OF LONDON."*

Scene I.—St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow.

It is a wet and windy day in September. Mr. Lion drives up. "What name, sir?" inquires the tall porter who has opened the cab door. "Lion—Mr. Lion, of London." Mr. Lion, of London, is informed that the numbers of his rooms are 33, 34, 35, and the way to them is indicated; whereon he asks, "Had I—er—not better—er—pay something in advance?" "Not at all," is the reply. To his rooms Mr. Lion, of London, goes, shedding half-crown tips in profusion.

Scene II.—The Same.

Mr. Lion, of London, is ensconced in his rooms. "The dream of my life," he murmurs. He dons evening dress. "Better order something for the good of the house," he says to himself, smiling pleasantly. "The dream of my life," says Mr. Lion, of London, again, as he dips into the latest Society novel, and sips the '89 champagne brought by the waiter.

Scene III.—The Same.

Mr. Lion, in evening dress, is at dinner in the coffee-room of the hotel. Mr. Lion, of London, after some consideration, orders a bottle of green chartreuse. The hotel staff deduce that they have a humorist to deal with. "The dream of my life," murmurs Mr. Lion, of London. "Luxury and extravagance," says he, after shedding many more half-crowns.

In the dead of night he awakes suddenly, saying, "No, my little man, I don't keep them at three for a ha'penny."

Scene IV.—The Same.

At dinner next day Mr. Lion, of London, meets Mr. Paul Remington, who kindly suggests that Mr. Lion, being "of London," knows well Claridge's, the Carlton, the Cecil, and the Savoy. "Quite so, quite so," says Mr. Lion, of London, a little hurriedly. Mr. Lion, of London, invites Mr. Remington to dine with him the following night at the private room of Mr. Lion, of London, in the St. Enoch Hotel. The invitation is accepted, and during the following fortnight Remington dines often with Mr. Lion, of London. It turns out that Remington, understood by Mr. Lion, of London, to be a person of vast wealth, is a ruined man. "A hundred pounds or so," says Remington to Mr. Lion, of London, "would have pulled me round the corner and made me richer than ever I was. However, it's all over now, and I leave to-morrow afternoon."

That night a hundred and thirty pounds are left in the hotel bedroom of Mr. Remington, "with best wishes from Mr. Lion, of London."

* "Mr. Lion of London." By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Scene V.—Edinburgh.—(Seven Years Have Elapsed.)

Mr. Remington is a good deal greyer. He happens to be in Edinburgh. He wants a box of matches. He enters an unimportant shop. He finds that the man behind the counter is—Mr. Lion, of London, for whom he has long sought. It is discovered that "Mr. Lion, of London," is an obscure Edinburgh tobacconist, who has been in one particular shop for thirty years. His visit to the Glasgow hotel? Having by laborious effort scraped together two hundred pounds, he had decided to "burst" that amount on an experience of "luxury and extravagance."

Scene VI.—(Tableau.)

Lion, of London, and Remington, of nowhere in particular, united as partners, Remington now having thousands of pounds to place at the disposal of the adventurous and romantic tobacconist, whose bold excursion had been brought about by the fact that his literary fare from day to day was "trash," and because he hated the dull exile of work behind the counter of an Edinburgh shop.

(CURTAIN.)

Such, in brief, is the tale that gives the title to Mr. J. J. Bell's latest book, a collection of short stories. The first story, that of Mr. Lion, is the best, but there are others that make excellent reading, and all the chapters depict a side of Scottish life for which little or nothing has been done by the novelists. The tales are simple; but simplicity does not detract from the importance of the kind of tale to which Mr. Bell devotes himself. All of the stories that go to the making of "Mr. Lion, of London," have in them much of the originality and charm that made "Wee Macgreegor" a book that was talked about in all lands where Scots are settled.

The volume has excellent illustrations by Mr. A. S. Boyd, a Scot who has personal acquaintance with the characters of whom Mr. Bell writes. Mr. Boyd's conception of the fraudulent but innocuous and kind-hearted "Mr. Lion" is particularly happy; no such type ever emanated from London. The likeness is at once that of one from the backwaters of the Canongate.

DAVID HODGE.

"I seemed to see two glorious shapes sweeping upward on its bosom."
(Reproduced from "Ayesha," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

Novel Notes.

AYESHA. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

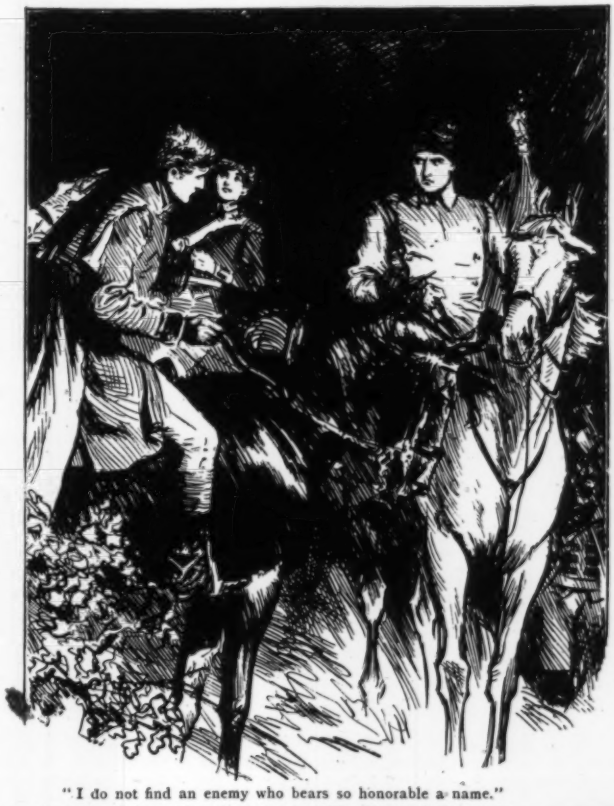
In a prefatory note Mr. Haggard intimates that he does not regard "Ayesha" as a sequel to "She," but rather as "the conclusion of an imaginative tragedy, whereof one half has been already published." Which is really a distinction without a difference, for every sequel is the continuation or conclusion of a story some part of which has been already published, and this, too, is what "Ayesha" is; but it is unlike most sequels in being, in the opinion of at least one of its readers, fully equal to or even finer than the romance it completes. The story of Ayesha is related by Horace Holly, who with Leo Vincey found the immortal She-who-must-be-obeyed, long since, in the Caves of Kor. It will be remembered how, in the moment of her terrible doom there, she swore that she would come again and be once more beautiful; and now Mr. Holly tells how, after that amazing event, he and Leo, the beloved of the divine Ayesha, returned to Cumberland and wearied there till Leo had the vision that called him forth into the vast unknown wildernesses of Central Asia, in search of the reincarnated woman who is the bride of his soul. He and Holly set out together, and, after sixteen years of adventuring, nigh perishing in the snows, sleeping in the open air, or within the hospitable walls of ancient Thibetan monasteries, do at last find the mystic mount of their vision, and in due course achieve the great object of their desire. It is a ripe and richly imaginative piece of work: the supernatural elements that pervade it are handled with a sure and effective craftsmanship, and the thrilling and picturesque incidents and episodes of the great quest are told with unfailing vigour and fertility of invention. The many illustrations by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen are excellent, as his book-illustrations always are.

THE BLACK SPANIEL By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hichens tells of a black spaniel which inherited the soul of a famous London doctor who had maltreated, for vivisection purposes, a dog of the kind. The thing is eerie and unpleasant, but it is done by the hand of one who knows his tools and can use them in workmanlike fashion. Much more to our liking is "The Mission of Mr. Eustace Greyne"—a brief tale pitched in frankly farcical mould. It would make as good a farce for the stage as it makes laughable reading. Mr. Greyne is the docile husband of a famous novelist, and, equipped with many note-books, he is sent to Algiers to find all about "African frailties" for the latest novel his wife has on hand. Mr. Greyne stays a long, long time in Algiers. "African frailties" interest him. Mrs. Eustace Greyne goes to Algiers. She finds the faithful, docile Eustace performing furious fandangoes in an establishment "on the heights." The book on behalf of which he went to Africa, "Catherine's Repentance," published in a gigantic volume not many weeks ago, we are told, was preceded by Mr. Eustace Greyne's. When last heard of he was seated in the magnificent library of the corner house of Park Lane . . . busily engaged in pasting the newspaper notices of Mrs. Greyne's greatest works into a superb new album. There are other short stories in the volume; but "The Black Spaniel" and "The Mission of Mr. Eustace Greyne" are easily the best.

ROSE O' THE RIVER. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 5s. (Constable.)

After her well-known manner, the authoress sets a simple love-episode in a setting full of local colour. Stephen Waterman and Rose Wiley love and part and make up their differences on the banks of an American river, the Saco, which is the scene of wild exploits among the logs and lumber. The course of true love also becomes troubled. But not for long. And Mrs. Wiggin is careful to surround the lovers with some interesting natives, of whom old Mr. Wiley, the



"I do not find an enemy who bears so honorable a name."
(Reproduced from Max Pemberton's "The Hundred Days," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

garrulous, indolent ex-lumberman, is a delightful specimen. It is a pretty idyll of the backwoods, illustrated with some dainty coloured pictures.

THE HUNDRED DAYS. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell and Co.)

Mr. Pemberton's dexterity in dealing with history compels our admiration. He is equally at home in any period and any country, but somehow his historical novels do not seem to have the same grip as "The Iron Pirate." Is it that we are older than when that magnificently audacious story first appeared, or is it that Mr. Pemberton has less "thrill" in his more learned novels? Perhaps both; but still we prefer the scientific pirate to the historical novelist. The period which Mr. Pemberton has chosen, the hundred days between Napoleon's escape from Elba and Waterloo, is peculiarly difficult. The task of portraying that enigmatic and baffling personality at the most thrilling moment of his career, might well daunt the boldest novelist. Napoleon has never been convincingly depicted, either in a novel or on the stage, many as are the attempts which have been made; and if Mr. Pemberton fails to convey any impression of the magnetism of the man, at least he fails in good company, and may claim credit for an ambitious attempt. For the rest, "The Hundred Days" is a workmanlike story, a trifle too mechanical in construction, but with plenty of movement. It lacks atmosphere, but it is unquestionably exciting. The dialogue is brisk and vigorous, and there is a sufficiency of love-making of a healthy and straightforward sort.

THE CHERRY RIBBAND. By S. R. Crockett. With illustrations by Claude B. Shepperson. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The archers have recently shot sore at the pious romantic traditions of the Covenanters, but enough shelter and scope remains still for the novelist whose sympathies refuse to be intimidated by Mr. Andrew Lang and his clan of historical skirmishers. Mr. Crockett is evidently not to be driven from the neighbourhood of "The Men of the Moss-hags," and it would be a pity for the public if he were. For the Government's forces are not painted here with a blackness which would offend the historical expert very seriously. Mr. Crockett no doubt has artistic instinct and personal conviction sufficient to show him which side in the struggle appeals most to an average modern mind; but, if he is careful to see that the Covenanters get the best of it, their successful raids upon the King's party are mainly victories of love rather than of war, and a hearty, breezy romance ends with Sergeant-Major Grif Rysland of the Dragoons, and his gay, courageous daughter, Ivie, both safely and happily married to adherents of Peden the prophet. Raith Ellison, one of the two heroes of the story, is the youngest son of a stern Covenanting family, who, after being summarily ejected from his household for some innocent intercourse with Ivie, joins her father's regiment, and eventually finds himself, along with father and daughter, on the Bass Rock, in charge of the Covenanting prisoners. Hither Peden is brought, together with Ellison's father and two of his brothers. Mutiny, escapes, the crossing of love and politics, and wild adventures follow in a breathless series, with three specially dramatic moments: one when Ivie fights a duel with Grierson of Lag, one (rather melodramatic perhaps) when her lover is well-nigh murdered by a mad rival, and one when the leaguer of Ben Aron is in force. But Mr. Crockett has put excellent work not only into his plot but into the characters. Ivie's sisterhood may not be quite unfamiliar to those who are acquainted with some of the writer's earlier stories, though the description of her development and sobering is delicately done. But the rest of the women are all convincing, and there is no lack of minor figures to fill out the scenes. Prayerful Peter Paton, for example, is almost good enough to remind one of Cuddie Headrigg, with his very prudent estimate of the religious situation. "I am aye a man o' peace," quoth this worthy, "and hae been ever since I was a wee callan runnin' the sands and howkin'

Stephen Houston, his long hair falling all about his face, sat firing horse-pistol after horse-pistol at some part of the room they could not see.
(Reproduced from S. R. Crockett's new book, "The Cherry Ribband.")

for crabs. When ither callans oppressed me or hit me, I never did ony thing but greet—at the time. But after, I aye keeled him wi' a stane ahint a dyke, or maybes pushed a stack o' corn on the tap o' him when he wasna lookin'." This is rather a welcome relief to the stouter heroism of the leading characters. But indeed Mr. Crockett has skilfully contrived to engage the reader's interest all through, and one reviewer at least must plead guilty to having read "The Cherry Ribband" at a single sitting, so vivid and varied is its handling of a well-worn period.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

In one way "Sacred and Profane Love" seems to us a novelty in English fiction. The heroine is a woman who errs willingly—exultingly. Yet Mr. Arnold Bennett neither excuses her, apologises for her, moralises over her, nor punishes her. He lets her tell her own tale; leaves her to the charity of his readers. She justifies her own existence and the manner of it. Mr. Arnold Bennett's technique is such that the rather melodramatic plot is by no means necessary to sustain interest and provoke us to read on. The writing itself is sufficient to do that. "Sacred and Profane Love" is a piece of bravura, astonishing in its strength and rapidity, and, we may add, in its directness, where most writers would go no further than insinuation. Carlotta and Diaz dominate the story of course, but we like as much some of the minor characters and less fateful scenes—Carlotta slinking home in a train crowded with workpeople, her appreciation of her dead aunt's calm, colourless life, Diaz practising, the Parisian ladies with the *peignoirs*, Lord Alcar, and the satirical sketch of Mrs. Sardis, "that impeccable *doyenne* of serious English fiction." If we have a fault to find, it is that the illumination cast on the characters is too much of the stage. They move under a limelight which may emphasise the acuteness, but as surely diminishes the subtlety, of Mr. Arnold Bennett's psychology.

A PILLAR OF DUST. By Frances Campbell. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

There are more agreeable and more admirable persons than Julian Seymour in "A Pillar of Dust," but none whose character is filled in with such deft and illuminating little touches, none that is so vividly realised alike by the author and her readers. You divine at the outset, while Terence Seymour stands in the dock at the Old Bailey on a charge of forgery, that Julian is the guilty man, though he is there giving the evidence that leads to the conviction of his twin-brother; and it is round Julian, with his girlishly sweet voice, his simple, non-moral nature, his feminine vanities, his beautiful features, that the chief interests of the story revolve. Terence is condemned and sent out to the penal settlement in Australia, of which his uncle, the fine, soldierly, one-armed General St. Maur, is governor. Back with the general to the settlement go his daughter Queenie, to whom Terence is engaged, and his niece, Ann Hamilton, who, like the others, suspects Julian, sees through his shallowness, despises him for his meanness, and yet loves him. It is a poignant and picturesque drama that is played out there at the penal settlement, whither Julian, too, goes with his relations, careless of his brother's neighbourhood, and characteristically untouched by any saving sensitiveness or remorse. Mrs. Campbell makes a very daring but distinctly effective use of a great dust storm in which the settlement is blown to pieces, and Terence and Queenie flung on to a barge and whirled out to sea, alone together, to a remote island, and finally to an ideally happy ending. We congratulate Mrs. Campbell on having given us in this an ably written and entirely interesting story.

A SPUR TO SMITE. By G. B. Lancaster. 6s. (Melrose.)

Mr. G. B. Lancaster is seemingly an Australian and a young man. His intimate knowledge of Australia supports the first surmise, and weight is given to the second by his style of writing. There is strength, undoubtedly; but there is violence more often. And then there is the frank imitation of Mr. Kipling in his banjo-Fuzzy-Wuzzy-Soudan days—the days in which he wrote "The Light that Failed." Mr. Lancaster's hero—one Kin (which name is unfortunately near "Kim")—is first discovered sheep-shearing with rough men in the "backs," and here he is met by a schemer called Haddington, a Mephistophelian fellow, to whom the devil-may-care youngster with a taste for writing gives himself over for a number of years. Haddington is to educate him, and they are to divide the profits from Kin's writings. If Kin fails to satisfy he is to become Haddington's, body and soul. The preposterousness of all this is obvious, but there is conviction in the way Mr. Lancaster writes, and passing over the absolute unlikelihood of such a bargain being struck by anyone outside of a nightmare, the book makes excellent and stirring reading. In the end we see Kin driven to leave his young wife and spend his years on a leper island. It is a unique and able work on the whole; but Mr. Lancaster's exasperating tricks of style make his plot often more than difficult to follow. Like the Impressionist draughtsmen he leaves out many lines; but now and again he leaves just a line too many.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is the third volume of the adventures of the incomparable "Raffles," the most polished and refined of burglars, with chambers in the Albany and a regular place in the Middlesex eleven. Burglary in the main is singularly lacking in variety, nearly all thefts falling into well recognised classes; but Raffles contrives to lend an air of novelty even to crimes of the most hackneyed types. In finish and precision his methods are as far in advance of the Bill Sykes period, when the brute force school predominated, as the modern motor car is in advance of the old "boneshaker." It seems, however, a mistake to introduce into stories of this kind even the faintest suspicion of lovemaking. Of course, it need hardly be said that the great Raffles is not the victim of the tender passion; it is only the longsuffering "Bunny" who plays the rôle of Dr. Watson to the other's Sherlock Holmes. Still, business is business, and burglary is burglary; in both, women are out of place. Personally, at the risk of seeming prejudiced, we must confess to some regret that Mr. Hornung should have devoted so much ingenuity to the glorification of crime. The novel which preaches is an abomination, but the novel which runs counter to all accepted ideas of morality shows a dangerous reaction in the opposite direction. The one at the worst is merely soporific, the other in some hands may become actually dangerous. We do not suggest that every reader who borrows "A Thief in the Night" from the nearest circulating library will immediately take rooms in the Albany and launch out on a career of crime, nor even that the book is likely to demoralise members of the Middlesex team; nevertheless, a novel which leaves a scientific and cold-blooded criminal triumphant and unrepentant, may be really harmful to immature and ill-balanced minds. No one benefits in the end when the way of the transgressor is made anything but hard.

OXENDALE. By Ella MacMahon. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The opening of the novel introduces a pianist with the impossible name of Rabailliatti, the greatest pianist in Europe. He is playing the Sonata Appassionata at the Queen's Hall, and his audience includes one Vera Dalison, an English beauty, and a youth called Jack Vansittart. It is believed that Vera and Jack are "engaged"—at all events, they love each other in a conventional English-drawing-room kind of way. Jack is understood to be the heir-presumptive of Lord Oxendale, an important English peer. In the course of a few chapters the important English peer passes away, and it is found that the heir is not the breezy, British Jack, but the long-haired soulful pianist of the Queen's Hall and all the famous concert-platforms of Europe, Rabailliatti. How that quaintly-attired gentleman came to Oxendale and settled in "the county" is told effectively and with some humour; but it is hard to believe that a pianist of his international name and fame could be quite so ingenuous as the tale at this stage makes out. There is much in the story about music. Passages of this kind abound. Lord Oxendale (late Rabailliatti) is playing Schumann's Nachstück, and Jack is listening:—

"Jack remained standing, absorbed, motionless. He forgot, indeed, where it was he was standing, that it was the music-room at Oxendale, that Oxendale was Rabailliatti. For he was out in imagination in the violet night of softer climes; out under the stars of heaven, with all nature hushed in the quivering silence of night. The mystery and the perfume of night

enfolded him. In the violet night, with the canopy of heaven over his head, he alone was awake and conscious. All else slept, he only was awake in that wonderful, enchanted loveliness, the loveliness of exquisite night," etc., etc.

Towards the close of the tale, Lord Oxenham loses the middle fingers of his left hand in a shooting accident, and his piano days are over. Vera then marries him, as a recompense for having omitted to tell him at an earlier stage of the understanding between her and Jack. Oxenham had loved her from the beginning. Jack attended the wedding, and then proceeded with prompt haste to that asylum for disappointed suitors, " the other side of the world."

THE LIFE OF SIR AGLOVALE DE GALIS. By Clemence Housman. 6s. (Methuen.)

What strikes one most on reading " Sir Aglovale de Galis " is the evident enthusiasm (whence no doubt the difficult title) and the loving care with which Miss Housman has drawn her romance from the chronicle of her " most dear Master," Malory. At the end of the book there are nearly twenty pages of notes! That is not the method of what we may call the slap-dash, happy-go-lucky school of historical fiction. In another respect also she has departed from the popular method. Sir Aglovale, though a Knight of the Round Table, is not the flawless, invincible hero we are used to. " Rot showed suddenly at the core of him." He does not even fail magnificently. At the end he falls into a deep abasement, and dies not glorified, but forgiven. Miss Housman's style is somewhat too archaic for our liking; more so than was necessary. But certainly, without too much whitewash, she has succeeded in investing the bloodthirsty, lusty knights with an air of graciousness and amplitude which should make " The Life of Sir Aglovale de Galis " very pleasant reading for those who are fond of Arthurian romance.

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT. By Louis Tracy. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Three chapters in this novel alone suffice to lift it high above the level of most contemporary fiction. These are " The Hurricane," " The Middle Watch," and " The Lottery." The first describes with splendid effect a great gale in the Channel, which all but swept the Gulf Rock Lighthouse from its foundation. The second tells no less vividly of the doom of a great liner which was dashed against the reef before the eyes of the lighthouse keeper and his two daughters, who, detained by the impending gale, were the involuntary sharers of his perilous watch. The last of the three is the heroic story of the rescue of eighty of the great ship's passengers and crew. All this part of the book it would be difficult to overpraise. There is not a wasted word, and Mr. Tracy enables us to realise with wonderful effect the horror and the sublimity of the scene. The opening chapter " Flotsam," which tells of Stephen Brand's daring rescue of a child from a derelict boat, is conceived and written in the same excellent style. Unfortunately Mr. Tracy has not been able to sustain this pitch throughout the book. The plot is vastly inferior to the description, and in the end it is pure melodrama. Long-lost relatives all come together in the marvellous manner of the stage, and all the seemingly impossible tangles are swiftly and pleasantly unloosed. But so long as the scene is the Pillar itself, the story is enthralling, and we shall yet expect from Mr. Tracy a notable novel of the sea.

FORTUNE'S CAP. By Mary E. Mann. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Miss Mary E. Mann is not one of your single-style novelists; she has written grim and powerfully realistic stories, such as " The Fields of Dulditch," or " Gran'ma's Jane," that bear comparison with the best that has been done in that kind by any living author; and on the other hand she is no less skilled in lightly humorous characterisation and the purely idyllic romance, such as she gave us in " The Patten Experiment," and gives us in " Fortune's Cap." Victoria Alberta Stocks, the " tweeny-maid " at a seaside lodging-house—a frank, self-reliant, happy, impressionable bit of a girl, who likes polishing the boots of the young master she admires, delights in having to look after the dog and the cat of the cantankerous lady lodger, enjoys all the trouble she has with them, and is the willing slave of the two elder servants—Victoria, who is named Tilly, after the maid to whose place she succeeds, is an original and delightfully humorous creation. She dominates the book, and, in the earlier half of it especially, is drawn with great skill, a natural, ridiculously guileless, exquisitely amusing child, alike in her work and in her pleasures; and though she becomes by painful degrees a young lady (after the cantankerous lady lodger has left her a fortune, which had been intended for the handsome but neglectful young nephew whose boots Tilly had loved to clean), and becomes also more lovely and lovable, she does not become much more conventional, for she finds a way of letting the young man recover the fortune from her by law, since nothing can convince her that it is not rightly his. There are some excellent character studies in the book, and its story is one of the brightest and most charming the season has yet yielded.

DIVERS VANITIES. By Arthur Morrison. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

The first six of these short stories are sketches of Bill Sykes and his order, done with a light, humorous touch. The next eight are mainly of low life also, including two clever examples of the author's method, in " A Poor Bargain " and " Lost Tommy Jepps." The last three are grouped under the title of " Old Essex," with a common note of the weird in them. There is nothing specially fresh in the volume, which is interesting but unequal. Some of the tales one remembers having met in magazines, where they read better than in a collection like this. It will add nothing to Mr. Morrison's reputation, though it will probably serve to while away a pleasant hour for those who know his stronger work.

The Bookman's Table.

LETTERS TO "IVY" FROM THE FIRST EARL OF DUDLEY. Edited by S. H. Romilly. 16s. net. (Longman.)

A lifelong friendship, such as that evidenced by this correspondence, between a man and a woman sixteen years his senior is in itself sufficiently remarkable to demand some notice; but rare as such friendships are in themselves, the correspondence which passed between the first Earl of Dudley and " Ivy," the wife of Professor Dugald Stewart, makes their friendship unique, and gives it a permanent value for the world. Dugald Stewart's name is now almost forgotten, except by professed students of philosophy, but few men exercised by their teaching a more lasting effect upon the public life of his time. At a time when the disturbed state of Europe made the " grand tour " dangerous, if not impossible, Stewart's lectures drew to Edinburgh some of the ablest young men of the day. He may be said to have held a kind of finishing school for budding statesmen, and his pupils included, among others, Brougham, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lord Lansdowne), Palmerston, Sydney Smith, and Lord John Russell. John William Ward came under the spell of this remarkable man and his no less remarkable wife at an impressionable age, when the change from the dreary solitude of his boyhood made him peculiarly sensitive to the influence of the Stewart household. Mrs. Stewart was a woman of singular tact and charm, and her house became the resort of all who were best worth knowing in Edinburgh, at a time when that city was an intellectual metropolis. Young Ward had known little or nothing of a mother's care until he met Mrs. Stewart, and it is not surprising that his earlier letters, written when he left the Stewarts' home to go to Oxford, and afterwards to enter Parliament, show that for a time she took the place of a mother in his imagination. But as he grew older and entered public life the " dearest mama " is dropped, and the pet name of " Ivy " gives a more romantic tinge to the correspondence which continued up to the time of his death. Ward was a man of great intellectual power, and although he never made a mark in public life commensurate with his ability, he was recognised by the leading men of his day as their equal, and even in some respects their superior. His social position and his brilliance in conversation made him welcome in the best society, and his intimacy with Mrs. Stewart led him to tell her even the latest scandal. The items of " chronique scandaleuse " concerning Lady Caroline Lamb, will appeal specially to the numerous readers of

"The Marriage of William Ashe." Apropos of Lady Caroline, it is distinctly an omission on the part of the otherwise admirable editor, Mr. Romilly, not to mention that the object of Lady Caroline's infatuation (in chapter 9) was Sir Godfrey Webster, and not Byron. Lady Caroline Lamb's name would be forgotten now but for the Byron episode,-and the reader's natural instinct is to assume that the reference (on page 97) is to the poet, the more so as every word would fit this supposition. In point of fact, however, Ward, as subsequent letters show, was very far from holding this view of Byron; and indeed there was a warm liking between the two men. Apart from this, Mr. Romilly has carried out his editorial work with tact and discretion; if anything, his notes err on the side of brevity, a rare failing in an editor.

SAM BOUGH, R.S.A. By the late Sidney Gilpin. 7s. 6d. net. (George Bell.)

Mr. Sidney Gilpin spent ten years in collecting the materials for this book, and it seems to have been ready for publication when he died, in 1892. Its appearance, which even then would have been a little belated, now becomes almost an indiscretion. Not that the painter's work has fallen in the estimate of public and critics during the quarter of a century since Bough's death. It probably stands as high in it as it did then, and higher than at the moment when his collected pictures were brought into rather unfortunate comparison with those of George Paul Chambers at Glasgow in 1880. But though forceful, Bough's painting has not the undying quality of individuality which alone would justify a volume of appreciation after this lapse of time; and as a matter of fact, Mr. Gilpin did not plan his volume as such. At any rate, as we have it here, it is less an estimate of Bough's art than a record of particular pictures (though, strangely, it contains no reproductions of any of them); and more than either it is an account of the man. There was a generation which knew Sam Bough, by whom this biography would doubtless have been welcomed, but we cannot predict for it a sympathetic reading now. His personality is almost forgotten, even in Scotland, where it endeared itself, or perhaps we ought rather to say made its mark, partly at least because, though it was only the country of his adoption, he seemed to accommodate himself to it like a native. To those who knew him best, Sam Bough was typically English rather than a Scot. Born in Carlisle, in 1822, he had lived over thirty strenuous and harum-scarum years before he settled in Edinburgh. It was there, in the remaining twenty of a life which never was conventional, that he did his best work, and his best was striking and sincere. In these twenty years, too, he imposed upon a great variety of people the impress of a strong and courageous, if crude and undisciplined character. We might well have been content with the tradition of it. The stories which this volume brings back to our recollections have somehow lost their savour. But many of them testify to the tenderness of heart under the rough exterior, to which it is due, doubtless, that that tradition has lingered so long.

PERSONAL STUDIES. By Henry Scott Holland. 6s. (W. Gardner.)

"As the years fall away," says Canon Scott Holland in his preface to this book, "and the earth empties itself of the voices and presences which made it famous to us, the desire grows strong to make an attempt to convey the memories of those who gave significance to our life down to another generation, to whom they are fast becoming mere names." He makes that attempt here, and the result is a fascinating and stimulating volume, in which we are reminded of much and learn much that is new about the careers and private characters of such diverse persons as Gladstone, Ruskin, Benson, Liddon, Matthew Arnold, Salisbury, Rhodes, Temple, Creighton, Stubbs, Burne-Jones, Dolling, and many another who will not soon be forgotten. Canon Scott Holland has a weakness for dropping into rhetorical moods, when his phrases strut with an almost too-solemn pomposity; he has and expresses a prejudice in favour of the not invariably apparent broad-mindedness and superiority of his own religious sect which may provoke useless controversy, but is nevertheless very human and natural; and when we have noted these characteristics we have said all that can reasonably be said in the way of dispraise. Most of the articles included are reprinted from the *Commonwealth*, a few from the *Guardian*, and elsewhere; each of them is devoted to a prominent and profoundly interesting personality, and deals with it didactically or anecdotally, but always interestingly.

VERSES, WISE AND OTHERWISE. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 5s. (Cassells.)

Mrs. Felkin has gathered into this volume the contents of her two earliest books of verse which, as she mentions in the foreword, are now out of print. Turn the pages where you will, and you find that the verses are marked by a wonderful facility, a prevailing smartness, a pretty wit, and occasionally by touches of humour or pathos. If there is no word-magic, no "charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word," there is no lack of clever phrasing and a very fluent mastery of metrical form. There is a real earnestness of thought and a breath of ecstasy in some of the more serious poems, and all through the book the rapid alternations of humour, satire, tenderness, pensive melancholy or frank frivolity have an almost dazzlingly bewildering effect on the reader. The verses are undeniably clever; if they sound no great depths of poetry and soar to no poetical heights, Mrs. Felkin probably never intended that they should. She fully achieves in them what she set herself to achieve; they are never dull, never unmelodious; sometimes they are informed with a grace and simple sincerity of thought and emotion that reaches very strong and effective expression; at their worst, they are mildly amusing, and even that is more than one can say for many a more pretentious volume.

THE GREEN SPHINX. By Bart Kennedy. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Here we have the outcome of a brief tour, done partly on foot, from Cork to Dublin by way of Waterford, Tipperary, Galway and Belfast. Mr. Kennedy went "to see the country and the people, and to get as far as possible a grip of a most complex and complicated situation." He talked to everybody and saw all there was to be seen in the time. Travelling so, "you may not be able to know all the facts, and you may not be able to fathom the causes that have led to certain effects. But for all that you will grip the essentials—the high lights." "The Green Sphinx" is a book of very high lights indeed. A white-hot iron plunged into cold water would be a fairly apt parallel of Mr. Kennedy in Ireland. The man is white-hot with emotional and verbal energy. The country is water-logged and derelict—in the metaphorical sense. And the result is considerable heat, together with an immense amount of steam and sputtering. The man again is typically modern in that he seems to yearn for every life but the one he leads, of his own free will presumably. The book is a by-product of that most modern journalism which sacrifices everything, even precision and brevity, to effect. It has, like Mr. Kennedy's men of Belfast, a superabundance of expression. It reminds one curiously—at the same moment—of misty, turbulent, remote Ossian, of our own contemporary Whitman, and of the newspaper in which it first appeared. Full stops do duty for commas and dashes, to say nothing of semicolons; words have broken loose on all sides; barefaced slang jostles vigorous idiomatic English, and points are hammered in, regardless of tautology or repetition. But "The Green Sphinx" has, we imagine, a practical, semi-political, not an artistic, purpose. Rhapsody is the milieu for strong and not altogether unconvincing denunciation of the Irish Constabulary, rent-raising landlords, hypocritical Westminster and intriguing Dublin Castle —the middleman in the government of Ireland by England. How far it is just we will not pretend to say. But we remember Swift's satire, and we note that Mr. Kennedy, himself a Catholic, looks forward to a revolt against the rapacity and tyranny of the Irish priesthood. If things are only half as bad as he asserts, they are sufficiently disgraceful. And a book unusual in form and sensational in expression is not a bad way—is one of the few ways—of drawing popular attention to the matter. So "The Green Sphinx" is full of rhetorical exaggeration. On the other hand, it has a certain unity of impression uncommon in books of travel, and many of its pen-pictures have brilliance, whether or no they have depth. We should not care to read many similar books, or "The Green Sphinx" many times, but we are frankly glad to have read it once.

WOODMYTH AND FABLE. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

There is a good deal of shrewd common-sense and worldly wisdom in many of these quaint little prose and verse fables of Mr. Seton's, and others mask nothing at all but an odd and delightful spirit of tricksy humour; mingled with them are amusingly grotesque or poetically imaginative myths and legends of the Chaska-water Indians, and the book is illustrated throughout by the author, whose grotesque or eerie sketches are admirably in harmony with the text. If you want to know "How the Giraffe Became," here you may learn all about it, and draw a moral from his dissatisfied desires; or you can turn to the "Fable of the Yankee Crab," and read how the young may know better than their elders, which is not a sound, orthodox moral, of course, but is, nevertheless, in this case, as true as it is amusing. Here is one of the fables in verse, which we quote not because it is absolutely the best, but because it is the prettiest, and happens to be short:

"The Meddy she was sorry
For her sister sky, ye see,
Coz, though her robe of blue wuz bright,
'Twas plain as it could be.

An' so she sent a skylark up
To trim the Sky robe right,
Wi' daisies from the Meddy
(Ye kin see them best at night).

An' every scrap of blue cut out
To make them daisies set,
Come tum'ling down upon the grass
An' growed a violet."

The book is very daintily got up, with a cover design and title and page decorations by Miss Grace Gallatin Seton, and makes a Christmas gift that would be appreciated by older as well as by younger readers.

SEVEN ANGELS OF THE RENASCENCE. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., F.S.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

We seem to find in this book an illustration of the tyranny of a title. Sir Wyke Bayliss's purpose is to tell the story of painting during the period known as the Renascence, beginning in the thirteenth century, and after the apparent blank of the subsequent hundred years coming into full flower in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the seventeenth fading away. Cimabue, faint figure as he is, does well enough as the herald of the dawn. In the golden age, five names stand out in the boldest relief—Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Correggio. Claude ushers in a new time. In this way Sir Wyke stakes out the field, and no one may quarrel with the partition. So with his interpretation of the mission of these great Italians. Da Vinci "laid the foundations of painting on the finest lines of scholarship"; he "irradiated the studio with the light of the intellectual life." Michael Angelo brought to it the glory of imagination, Titian the glory of colour: the one "came with the message, direct from heaven, that men should be as gods," the other "from Olympus with the revelation that the gods are as men." The work of Raphael is the manifestation of the fine quality in art, which may be called "balance." Correggio "showed that Art can express sweetness and grace without being weak." These interpretations, though we may not always agree with them, are sound or suggestive, and moreover are worked out interestingly and with a great deal of knowledge. But mixed with them unfortunately in Sir Wyke Bayliss's book is another and a slightly "flummery" element, and it is it which we imagine due to the tyranny of his title. He is writing of five or seven or seventeen great painters of the Renascence, and when he calls them Angels, though he means thereby no more than Messengers, he sets himself a headline which requires a great deal of writing up to, and applies himself with much gusto to the task. A little emotional symbolism goes a long way in art-criticism; there is an excess of it in this book which, we confess, rather tires us.

IN SEARCH OF EL DORADO. By Alexander MacDonald. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

A book like this makes us wonder whether the advance of civilisation will ever eliminate the craving for adventure. In an age in which the dominant note is an ever more and more clamorous demand for comfort, it is at once surprising and reassuring to find that the race of those who court danger as a mistress has not yet died out. Most of Mr. MacDonald's wanderings, as chronicled in this fascinating volume, were nominally undertaken in search of gold; but the spirit which breathes through the narrative is the pure spirit of adventure. The gold was a mere pretext, a justification for these wanderings; the compelling motive was to see life in strange lands, and to wrest their secret from the untrodden wilds of the earth. The same mysterious yearning which drove Mr. Hubbard to sacrifice his life in the frozen wastes of Labrador drew Mr. MacDonald to Alaska and to the Australian desert. This irresistible desire to find the "something lost behind the ranges," which Kipling has so finely described in "The Explorer," is not confined to any one nation; but in these days, when the cry is all of the degeneration of the race, it is heartening to find that England is still producing men who can make sport of peril and hardship for the sake of adventure. These men are the pioneers of civilisation, the unconscious missionaries of commerce, and the spirit which animates them—to quote a vivid phrase from Admiral Moresby's introduction—is a "relish of youth which persists into the old age of the world." The book falls into two parts, the first dealing with Mr. MacDonald's journeying in Klondyke in the early days, and the second with his adventures in search of gold in Australia. There are also appended some miscellaneous chapters, the most interesting of which deal with prospecting in New Guinea and the pearl fisheries of north-western Australia. The Klondyke portion of the book is specially valuable, because several widely read novels have popularised a false idea of that region by glossing over the lawlessness which marked the early days of the rush, a lawlessness which finds a parallel in the history of every gold-mining county. Mr. MacDonald's plain, unvarnished narrative provides a useful antidote to these rose-coloured idealisations of country, the horrors of whose climate nothing but the fascination of finding gold could induce men to face. Not the least attractive feature of the book is the picture which Mr. MacDonald gives of the strangely assorted little band who accompanied him on his wanderings, and even more interesting is the unconscious revelation of his own character, tactful, cautious, and fertile in resource. Mr. MacDonald in his characteristically modest preface apologises for the "brusqueness or crudity of expression which may be noticeable." The apology is needless, for no artifice is so effective as simplicity, and the style could not be more admirably adapted to the subject matter.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a voluminous correspondence and an unique position; she writes to "other people's sons and daughters," and she not only gives advice, but has it taken. **A Woman of the World** (6s.) is the entertaining volume in which she tells young men how to manage their aspirations in love and life-work, and young girls how to start college life and how to deal with the attentions of married men: she advises wives in the matter of mothers-in-law, and husbands in the matter of jealous wives. The ambitious, the fearful, the poor, the impetuous, all receive her counsel, and sound, liberal-minded, outspoken, sometimes vivacious, sometimes stinging counsel it is. There is an American briskness about the letters, and a sanity and reasonableness which help while other qualities amuse.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

In this century Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey stands without a rival in her own particular style of story. There is no one now who can write as she can of a country town or a cathedral town, and in a chapter or two make us know the streets, the houses, the several families, and one family in particular. In **The Household of Peter** (6s.) we have an excellent example of her individual artistry. Peter was a young doctor, and his household consisted of three loving and loveable young sisters, one woman servant worth her weight in gold (and no feather-weight was she), and a boy to run errands. Other characters are numerous, distinct, and very human. Four or five affairs of the heart spring to life and intertwine, no one too good to be interesting or too bad to be wholesome. A safe and charming book, especially for any woman of any age from fifteen to fifty.

MR. T. FOULIS.

A little pink garden-book which is as dainty as a rosebud itself, is **The Four Gardens,** by "Handasyde." It is not a book which tells you how to plant and cultivate flowers; such books, indeed, have been done generously already; it is instead a book

telling of four gardens already made, their flowers already planted; and one garden is haunted, another is old-fashioned, another belongs to a poor man, another to a millionaire. "Streeling" in and out among these gardens is here an anecdote, there a romance, here a character-sketch, there a bit of humour. The atmosphere of the little volume is restful yet cheery, and the author knows just how to mingle his ingredients of horticulture and human nature.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION.

An interesting memento of this Nelson year is the little "Homeland Pocket Book," compiled by Mr. James Cooper, and entitled **Nelson's Homeland** (2s. 6d. net). It gives a pleasing and detailed account of the country so thoroughly connected with Nelson and his life history when in England. It includes descriptions of North Norfolk, from Hunstanton to Cley-next-the-Sea, and is full of a distinct freshness and "intimacy" of style. Unusual little scraps of Nelson history are given, and that half-mysterious stretch of East-Coast land is discussed in a manner which deepens its undeniable charm. This is the first of a series of "homeland" Pocket Books, which should be welcome indeed to tourists and to all who holiday in England.

MR. JOHN LANE.

That inspiring writer "Home Counties" is certainly doing his best to win us back to the land and to what we call the "simple life." He has already told us how to build a country cottage and how to keep healthy hens pranking round about it. Now he grows more ambitious for us, and in **The Little Farm** (3s. net, 4s. net), tells how to manage a country home on a somewhat larger scale than the cottage and the hen-run. It is one of the eminently practical "Country Handbooks," and gives advice and true stories about pieces of land from twelve to sixty acres. The knowledge which comes from familiarity and experience is here, and the necessary information for obtaining the steady instruction from a College is also given. Fruit cultivation and the care of poultry are also treated of in common-sensible fashion. It is a volume which helps and points the way to further help.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

In his Red Cloth Library Mr. Unwin has just published Miss Kate Westlake Veigh's new book, **A Specimen Spinster** (6s.), and a good specimen of a spinster this is, too. "Having been born with the name of Wogg, someone had wilfully added Mary to it." And Mary Wogg determined that the only thing for her to do was to see to it that she was no ordinary girl. Her determination did not lead her to great renown, or public statues, or any of the rewards of a recognised heroine; but it led to an amusing—at times even pathetic—chronicle of the doings of a woman of shrewd common-sense and a big heart, and her dealings with her neighbours. The chronicle is American of the American from the first paragraph to the last, with the very tang in it which we expect from such a source.

The stories contained in a volume by the Baroness Orczy, entitled **The Case of Miss Elliott** (6s.), will certainly appeal to all lovers of mysteries, though for ordinary readers they may prove rather too gruesome. Some of the "cases" are cleverly presented and well worked out.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

In these two books now under review—**The Waters of Destruction**, by Alice Perrin (6s.), and **Dilys**, by Mrs. Frank Penny (6s.), the touch of experience and sympathy is well seen. The authors know India well and intimately, not the India of Babu Jabberjee and Mrs. Hauksbee, but the nearer, dearer, stranger, and sadder India that flashes at us, charms us, and still escapes us in the person of Lalla in the "Hosts of the Lord," of Krishna, who was nicknamed Chris in "Voices of the Night," of the girl in Kipling's ballad who died in cold blood that the Red Horse of the Plague might feed no more near the village of her kindred. In "The Waters of Destruction" we have all the materials for a tragedy ready to hand in the first chapter: a homesick and lonely young civil engineer, the one white man in the district washed by the menacing waters of the Kala Nadi; a beautiful and ill-used girl-widow; the appeal of sex and helplessness to sex and strength; young blood and propinquity. There is a girl in England, but she does not count until nearly three-fourths of the book is read, and the tragedy is half worked out before she comes in, for Stephen Dare marries Sunia, and the marriage turns out as disastrously for both as may be expected of such unions between East and West. Mrs. Perrin writes with decision, and dips her pen into blacker ink than her comrade. "Dilys" is a gayer and a slighter book, that keeps off even a side-glance at tragedy, and introduces a note of positive comedy in the hoodwinking of a pair of rather wooden "walking gentlemen." The one is fooled to the top of his bent by the English heiress fostered by Lumbadi gipsies, whom he has come out to woo and win and bring back to England and civilisation; the other, who is a police-officer and the chosen of the brilliant and provoking heroine—who deserves a quicker-witted husband—is an ardent seeker after smuggled spirits, and is finely bamboozled by two retired soldiers, Brand and Bullen, as good light-comedy characters as ever took the stage. The Europeanised native wife of Bullen, and her dealings with her unspoiled native sister, are in excellent vein—not "in 'Ercles vein, a tyrant's vein," but rather of a type that might be done justice to by that delightful actress who once played Prince Charming in boots that she had herself covered with pink satin.

MESSRS. HARPER BROS.

In her novel, **Ursula Raven** (6s.), Theodora Wilson Wilson has drawn a vivid picture of life in an isolated quarry district in Westmoreland. She illustrates the misery which arises from the abuse of "Royalties," and shows how terrible are the results of an unscrupulous use of these privileges. The novel has not a great deal of plot, but it contains some interesting character studies, and is pleasantly written.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

Many readers will welcome another volume from the clever author of "Honoria's Patchwork." **A Coat of Many Colours** (6s.) is a collection of letters to a "best friend," interspersed with extracts from a notebook in which Honoria was accustomed to write her personal impressions of men, women, books and things. The whole forms a unique volume, and if this many-coloured coat has not quite the freshness and originality of the "Patchwork," it has nevertheless a distinct and undeniable charm of its own.

Beggar's Luck, by Nellie K. Blissett (6s.), is a tale of the days when Mazarin, the great Cardinal, was making his dread power felt in France. The story is crisply written. The heroine is spirited and original. The hero has his full share of adventure and not a few cleverly planned escapes. Altogether, Miss Blissett has succeeded in writing a very bright and readable little romance.

MR. ALSTON RIVERS.

In Life's Byways (3s. 6d.) is the title of a collection of short stories written by Mr. C. S. Bradford at different times, now brought together in book form. Burma and India supply the background, and the spirit of the tropics is felt throughout the book. We are made to realise the gorgeous jungle, steel blue sky, and torrid heat. Above all we are made to feel the intense loneliness and inevitable homesickness of the life which the author describes. Mr. Bradford's stories are persistently sad—gloomy almost with the unassailable sadness of hard facts. The very terseness of the style in which they are told lends them added pathos. They are tales of stirring incident, well worth relating, and their author has succeeded in the difficult task of keeping them free from all glamour and unreality.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

A most charming little book, and an appropriate one to this year, is **Quaint Sayings from the Works of Sir Thomas Browne**, compiled by Mrs. Martin H. Wilkins (3s. 6d.). Browne's writings are so admirably adapted to quotation that we feel Mrs. Wilkins' to have been no easy task of selection. She has done her work very judiciously, quoting chiefly from the "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial," the best worth representing. It is, as her publisher names it, a little "cabinet of gems," and an incentive to any reader to go to the mine itself from which these gems were taken. The appearance of the volume deserves a special word of praise, it has the rich simplicity of a small missal.

Reprints and New Editions.

A beautiful little leather-covered, two-volume edition of **Boswell's Johnson** (5s. net) is sent by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. It is intelligently edited and abridged by Messrs. G. Nugent Bankes and Hinchcliffe Higgins; Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes an Introduction, in which he makes a good case both for Boswell and for "-selections." Mr. Chesterton's words will be read and enjoyed and agreed with in the main. Boswell's position has changed somewhat in the minds of to-day's critics. The older tendency was to give him abuse and scorn; now we give him mild dislike and gratitude. Such an edition as this will lead many people to Johnson's wit and wisdom, who would shrink from it in its entirety in the larger tomes.

From the same firm comes another two-volume edition in the same attractive deep-red leather binding. This is Stopford Brooke's fine critical and explanatory work on **The Poetry of Robert Browning** (5s. net). Lovers of Browning cannot afford to pass over this illuminating interpretation by a fellow-lover of Browning; and whether for home use or as a gift-book, one could not wish for a handier, more tasteful form in which to procure it.

A selection of the daintinesses of Mr. Austin Dobson have been published by Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, in a small volume of **Poems** (1s. 6d. net). Here are the "Gentleman of the Old School" and the "Gentlewoman," the "Ballad of Beau Brocade," and "On a Nankin Plate," "The Love-Letter," "Molly Trefusis," and many another gem of his delicate and fastidious art. To open the little book is to step into past centuries, scented with pot-pourri and gorgeous with brocades.

New Books of the Month.

SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

AITKEN, REV. JAMES, M.A.—The Book of Job, 1s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark)

A. S. L.—Some Better Things for Us. 3s. 6d. net (Philip Wellby)

Bible, The Century: Isaiah. Edited by the Rev. Owen C. Whitehouse, M.A., D.D. Vol. 1. 2s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)

BOWNE, BORDEN P.—The Immanence of God ... (Constable)
BRIERLEY, J., B.A. ("J. B.")—The Eternal Religion, 6s. (James Clarke)
CALLAWAY, CHARLES, M.A., D.Sc.—King David of Israel ..... (Watts)
COGGIN, FREDERICK ERNEST, M.A.—Man's Estate. 5s. net ..... (John Murray)
COYLE, REV. ROBERT FRANCIS, D.D.—The Church and the Times, 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
DRAWBRIDGE, C. L., M.A.—Old Beliefs and New Knowledge. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)
Expositor's Bible: The Complete Index, 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
Expository Times, The. Vol. XVI. 7s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark)
The bound volume of a serial publication which possesses those qualities which serial publications too often lack—the qualities of being authoritative and full of thought, interesting, and full of suggestion. The long list of the names of scholarly contributors is an earnest of the rich material to be found within the covers.
GROSER, W. H., B.Sc.—Outlines for my Class. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Sunday School Union)
Mr. Groser in a former volume gave great help to Sunday School teachers who had the will, but not always the knowledge or experience, to make the most of their opportunities for instilling true religion into the characters of the young. He now offers a fuller and more advanced help, still providing for all ages of scholars, but realising that facilities have increased, and needs have increased with them. The book is both practical and spiritual in tone.
HENDERSON, C. HANFORD.—The Children of Good Fortune. 5s. net ..... (Constable)
JONES, HENRY, LL.D., D.Litt.—The Immortality of the Soul in the Poems of Tennyson and Browning. 1s. net ..... (Philip Green)
LOCK, WALTER, D.D.—The Bible and Christian Life, 6s. (Methuen)
L. S.—Religious Genius, 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
MACKAY, REV. ANGUS, B.A.—A Reasonable Faith: Christian Defence Series, 1s. ... (Hodder and Stoughton)
MALLOCK, W. H.—The Reconstruction of Belief. 12s. net. (Chapman and Hall)
MILLER, J. R., D.D.—The Blossom of Thorns, 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
MILLER, J. R., D.D.—What it is to be a Christian, 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
MORRISON, REV. G. H., M.A.—The Unlighted Lustre: Addresses from a Glasgow Pulpit, 5s. ((Hodder and Stoughton)
MOZLEY, F. W., M.A.—The Psalter of the Church. 6s. 6d. net ..... (Cambridge University Press)
MULLOCK, W. H.—The Reconstruction of Belief. 12s. net (Chapman and Hall)
NICOLL, W. ROBERTSON.—The Church's One Foundation, 6d. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
NICOLL, W. ROBERTSON.—The Garden of Nuts, 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
PARKER, EDWARD HARPER, M.A.—China and Religion. 12s. net ..... (John Murray)
Plato: Crito. Edited by A. F. Watt, M.A., 2s 6d. (University Tutorial Press)
SMITH, T. GREGORY, M.A.—What is Truth? 5s. net (John Murray)
WILLIAMS, T. RHONDDA.—The Evangel of the New Theology. Sermons ..... (W. Daniel)
WILSON, PHILIP WHITWELL.—Why we Believe: Essays. 2s. 6d. net ..... (James Clarke)
A collection of outspoken yet broad-minded essays on practical Christianity and the religious state of England at this time. England has not been lethargic in the matter latterly, with her census, her revivals, and her social Christianity. Mr. Wilson draws the attention of thinking laymen to the matter, and puts his case forcibly in simple language.
ZAHN, THEODOR.—Bread and Salt from the Word of God. Translated by C. S. Burn and A. E. Burn, D.D. 4s. 6d. net ..... (T. and T. Clark)

NEW EDITIONS.

BEET, JOSEPH AGAR, D.D.—The Last Things, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
BUNYAN, JOHN.—Grace Abounding. Illustrated, 1s. (Religious Tract Society)
CLARKE, REV. JAMES LANGTON, M.A.—The Eternal Saviour Judge. 4s. net ..... (John Murray)
COMTE, AUGUSTE.—Fundamental Principles of the Positive Philosophy, 6d. ..... (Watts)
HAECKEL, ERNST.—The Wonders of Life, 6d. ..... (Watts)
PAINE, THOMAS.—The Age of Reason, 6d. (Watts and Co.)
PENN, WILLIAM.—Some Fruits of Solitude. Introduction by John Clifford, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. ... (Headley Brothers)
A pretty pocket edition of the maxims of the thoughtful and observant Quaker, Penn. Stevenson, by his admiration of the shrewd outspoken wisdom, gave the "Maxims" a new popularity; in this handy form they may be the constant companions of busy men and women.
Psalms, The Book of. Translated by T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Kegan Paul)
"The best introduction to the Psalter is the practice of free and unconstrained private devotion. A bad translation of an uncorrected text will be more illuminative to a devout mind than the choicest and most scholarly rendering to an unsympathetic reader." This is what Dr. Cheyne says, and here he has re-translated the psalms with the idea of rendering them enjoyable apart from technicalities which lead to uncertainty and controversy. The work is well done, the work of a man of judgment and reason, as well as a scholar. In a charming introduction he dilates on the origin and meaning of many Bible utterances, and incidentally introduces us to metrical versions, too little known to the general reader.
Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry. 2s. 6d. net (Watts and Co.)
WEYMOUTH, RICHARD FRANCIS.—Greek Testament, The Resultant ..... (James Clarke)

FICTION.

ARNOLD, EDWIN.—Lieut. Gullivar Jones, 6s. (Brown, Langham)
AUTHOR OF "HONORIA'S PATCHWORK."—A Coat of Many Colours. Illustrated, 6s. ... (Chapman and Hall)
BEDFORD, RANDOLPH.—The Snare of Strength, 6s. (Heinemann)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Sacred and Profane Love, 6s. (Chatto)
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—The King's Achievement, 6s. (Sir Isaac Pitman)
BLISSETT, NELLIE K.—Beggar's Luck, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—The Sword of Gideon. Illustrations, 6s.
BLYTH, JAMES.—Deborah's Life, 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—For Love of Her. Illustrated, 5s. (Ward, Lock)
BROWN, VINCENT.—The Sacred Cup, 6s. ..... (Duckworth)
BURCHELL, SIDNEY H.—The Mistress of the Robes, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
BURGIN, G. B.—The Devil's Due, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
CAREY, CHARLES.—The Motor Cracksman, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
CAREY, ROSA NOUCHETTE.—The Household of Peter, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Reckoning, 6s. ... (Constable)
CHESNUTT, CHARLES W.—The Colonel's Dream (Constable)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Dreamer, 6s. ..... (Digby Long)
CLEGG, T. B.—The Love Child, 6s. ..... (John Lane)
CONRAD, STEPHEN.—Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie, 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
COOKE, GRACE MACGOWAN AND ALICE MACGOWAN. —Return, 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
CROKER, B. M.—A Nine Days' Wonder, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
DARLINGTON, H. A.—Last Year's Nests, 6s. ..... (Nisbet)
A full, roomy story, delineating the descent to poverty of one family, and the increasing affluence of another, the intertwining of the families' loves and fortunes, and the manner in which many things are adjusted in this life, which seem unadjustable. The conclusion, however, is that although one may attain much, "things are never the same again." Mr. Darlington does not soar above commonplaceness in style, but he has an observant eye, and more than a tendency to clear and significant characterisation.
DEAKIN, DOROTHEA.—The Princess and the Kitchen-maid, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
DE HORNE VAIZEY, MRS.—How Like the King, 1s. (Bousfield)
DELEDDA, GRAZIA.—Nostalgia, 6s. ..... (Chapman and Hall)
DEVENISH, E. M.—The Wandering of Joyce, 6s. (Duckworth)
"Dolly," the Vampire Nemesis, 1s. ..... (Arrowsmith)
DONOVAN, DICK.—The Fatal Ring, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
DOUGLAS, GALLOWAY.—"Noreen": A Romance, 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)
A short adventure story by an author ambitious somewhat beyond his powers. Great feats are achieved on an interesting island, and the material is Guy Boothbyian in its appeal to our credulity; but the writing is rather young, formal, and unformed as yet.
DUNDAS, CHRISTIAN.—The Journeys of Antonia, 6s. (Fisher, Unwin)
EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—Dufferin's Keep, 6s. (Hutchinson)
FINNEMORE, E. P.—The Bondage of God, 6s. (Digby, Long)
FOWLER, EDITH HENRIETTA (Mrs. W. Robert Hamilton). —For Richer, for Poorer, 6s. ..... (Hurst and Blackett)
FOX, JOHN, JUNR.—A Cumberland Vendetta. Illustrated (Constable)
FOX, JOHN, JUNR.—The Kentuckians. Illustrated, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
GALLIZIER, NATHAN.—Castel del Monte, 6s. ..... (Dean)
GESTA ROMANORUM.—Translated. By Rev. Charles Swan. 6s. net ..... (Routledge)
GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE.—The Amethyst Box: and Other Stories, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
HAGGARD, RIDER.—Ayesha, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HAINS, T. JENKINS.—The Wind-Jammers, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
HALIFAX, ROBERT.—The Drums of Fate, 6s. (H. J. Drane)
HARPER, VINCENT.—The Mortgage on the Brand, 6s. (Hutchinson)

HESS, ISABELLA R.—Saint Cecilia of the Court. Illustrated, 3s. 6d. ..... (Oliphant, Anderson)
HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Black Spaniel, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—The Chariots of the Lord, 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
HORNUNG, E. W.—A Thief in the Night, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
HOUSMAN, CLEMANCE.—The Life of Sir Aglovale de Galis, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
JACOBS, W. W.—Captains All, 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
JAMESON, E. M.—A House Divided. With illustrations. (Hodder and Stoughton)
KENNEDY, BART.—The Green Sphinx. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen)
LANCASTER, G. B.—A Spur to Smite, 6s. (Andrew Melrose)
LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.—The Romance of the Fountain, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Czar's Spy. Illustrated, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
LYALL, DAVID.—The Rise of Philip Barrett (James Clarke)
LYLE, EUGENE P., JUNR.—The Missourian. Illustrated, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
MACMAHON, ELLA—Oxendale. 6s. .....(Chapman and Hall)
MANN, MARY E.—Fortune's Cap. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
MARTIN, GEORGIE.—Oak Farm. 2s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
McCALL, SIDNEY.—The Breath of The Gods. 6s. (Hutchinson)
McCAUSLAND, ZOE.—The Story of a Nose. 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)

A far-fetched but brightly told story of a girl who was married to an ogre, because he wished to have her nose always before him. Hers was the style of nose he was anxious to possess. He had it before him in the face of a statue, but he determined to have it in flesh, to contemplate. The story is not a fairy-tale, but a modern chronicle of love and renunciation.

MEADE, L. T.—Bess of Delany's. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MEADE, L. T.—Loveday. The Story of an Heiress. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
MITCHELL, EDMUND.—In Desert Keeping. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
MOORE, F. FRANKFORT.—He Loved but One 6s (Eveleigh Nash)
MORE, E. ANSON.—A Captain of Men. 6s (Alston Rivers)
MORRISON, ARTHUR.—Divers Vanities. 6s. .....(Methuen)
NICHOLL, EDITH M.—The Human Touch. Illustrated. 6s. (Kegan Paul)
NOBLE, EDWARD.—The Lady Navigators. 6s. (Brown, Langham)
NORRIS, W. E.—Lone Marie. 6s. .....(Macmillan)
ORCZY, BARONESS.—The Case of Miss Elliott. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Hundred Days. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
PENNY, F. E.—Dilys. 6s. ..... (Chatto)
PERRIN, A.—The Waters of Destruction. 6s. ..... (Chatto)
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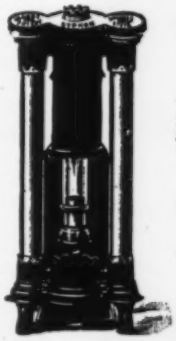

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